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Festival of Cant?

If the House of Commons bans the Sunday opening of the Battersea Fun Fair, it will have given proof that Dr. Bowdler's Victorian spirit still broods over the Great Exhibition of 1951. Already the Sabbatarians, advancing on London from their Welsh and Scottish strongholds, have split the Cabinet, forced Mr. Morrison to grant a free vote and captured a goodly number of Members of Parliament concerned about the size of their majorities.

The whole pother has arisen from the need for special legislation to free the Festival from prosecution by the common informers who are still earning a handsome living out of the Sunday Observance Acts of 1625, 1677 and 1780. About the rest of the Festival sites there is little dispute. No one apparently need have any religious scruple about a Sunday visit to the South Bank, the Victoria and Albert Museum, or the Poplar Housing Exhibition. But objection has been raised to the idea that British people, after attending morning church, should visit Battersea Park on Sunday afternoon; and, since the Cabinet has been unable to agree on a policy, this clause in the Bill is to be left to a free vote. This surrender has given the Lord's Day Observance Society its opportunity. It has circularised its members throughout the country, stating that Sunday opening "would constitute an official National violation of God's command that the Sabbath Day should be kept holy" and urging them to write to their M.P. and to inform Lord's Day House of the nature of his reply.

One could imagine from the threatening tone of this circular that the Festival authorities were a gang of atheists. The facts are somewhat different. When the decision was taken to turn Battersea Park into the Festival Gardens, a Committee of the Battersea clergy of all denominations was set up which discussed with the authorities the problems of Sunday opening. It was immediately agreed that the Gardens and the Fun Fair should not be opened till 12.30 p.m. on Sundays, and that there should be no extension of licensing. On the suggestion of the Battersea clergy—who doubtless saw in the huge Sunday crowds which the Fun Fair would collect a great opportunity for evangelism—it was further agreed that afternoon services should be held in the amphitheatre and community hymn singing in the evening. It is this sensible arrangement which the House of Commons is being "pressured" to upset.

A Sunday fun fair is no daring innovation of Mr. Herbert Morrison's. No fewer than 33 "God-dishonouring" fun fairs are open on Sundays in nearly all the main seaside resorts, and their owners reckon that one-third of their total weekly takings are earned on Sunday. Most of them, because under the Sunday Observance Acts it is "God-honouring" to pay for a ride on the giant switch-back, but "God-dishonouring" to pay for admission to a place of entertainment which contains a giant switch-back, charge no entrance in order to avoid blackmail by the common informer. But, even if the Festival Fun Fair were to have the turnstiles necessary to control the crowds, it would not be doing anything which Belle Vue, Manchester, has not done for years.

The Sabbatarians are no more concerned with such precedents than with the serious effects which the ban would have on the whole Festival. With the Fun Fair closed on Sunday, most provincials will choose a mid-week day for their visit—no great assistance to the production drive.

It may be asked why, if the case for Sunday opening is so strong, it is likely to be defeated in the Commons. The reason, we fear, is not religious principle. Of the minority of conscientious Christians, it is doubtful whether a small proportion share the Puritan views of the Lord's Day Observance Society. The danger is that the "free" vote could be a tied vote, tied not to a party machine but to a strident pressure group which seeks to retain the empty forms of Puritanism without its spirit.

In all parties, we are sure, there are plenty of men who will have the courage to decide the issue on its merits; but, with some of their colleagues in a more timid mood, there is only one way to achieve a victory for common sense. If our local M.P. is so sensitive to the contents of his letter-bag, we should see that it is full of protests from all those, whether churchmen or atheists, who firmly reject the idea that the Festival of Britain should be turned into a Festival of Cant.

Rearming Germany

The policy statements made in Parliament this week by the Foreign Secretary and his lieutenant were notable for the number of their negatives. The European Army proposed by the French—with national contingents integrated on a battalion level—would not do, Mr. Davies declared. His hearers were left to speculate whether integration on "independent brigade group" level—a plan which the Atlantic Council deputies are now apparently endeavouring to force down the throats of the reluctant French—would be militarily more effective. The main question, however, is whether the re-militarisation of Germany can be averted by negotiations at the Four-Power Conference proposed by the U.S.S.R. Here all that Mr. Bevin had to say was that the Prague communiqué did not afford an adequate basis for discussion; that talks could have little purpose or reality so long as there was no change in Soviet actions in Germany, Austria or elsewhere; and that Britain was not prepared to take the initiative in making any proposals independently of the United States.

Mr. Bevin was, of course, reluctant to commit himself while the reply to the Russian Note is under discussion between London and Washington; but the alternative to talks with the Soviet Union is, we fear, that the West will go ahead, regardless of French objections, with plans to re-create the *Wehrmacht* in the Western zones. The existence of the East Zone armed police gives no warrant for such a step. Even in Germany, Pastor Niemöller is now lending the weight of his great influence against German rearmament, whose unpopularity with the "man in the street" is beyond dispute. It would be the supreme irony if the penalty of defeat for Germany were compulsion by the victors to prepare herself for another war.

Friendship With Franco

On Monday, Mr. Ernest Davies informed the House of Commons that, since the General Assembly had now repealed its 1946 resolution recommending the withdrawal of plenipotentiaries from Madrid, the British Government would shortly seek Franco's agreement to the reappointment of a British Ambassador. Mr. Davies omitted to point out that the motion in the Assembly was submitted by the Phillipines and seven Latin American satellites of the U.S.A., and was carried only as a result of the strongest possible pressure by the U.S. State Department. It is intelligible that the United States, with its interest in Iberian air bases, should desire to revert to what Mr. Acheson now calls "orderly international intercourse" with Spain; and it is obvious enough that the absence of Ambassadors from Madrid has done little to weaken Franco's position, buttressed as it now is by the assurance of financial aid from the United States. Before hastening, however, to follow the United States in a move which accords with no British interest and represents an ignominious capitulation to American Catholic pressure, the British Government might have reflected that only last year Mr. Acheson himself told the press that the 1946 resolution of the Assembly had become a symbol of the Western Governments' disapproval of a regime installed by Hitler and Mussolini, and representing by all possible tests a Fascist dictatorship contemptuous of human rights. A vote to rescind the resolution, he then added, might be taken as "a symbol of the fact that after all we don't care much about these rights." Just so.

Cold War Dichotomy

In the economic sector of the Cold War front, sense and insanity march side by side in curious conflict. At Geneva, Dr. Myrdal is sensibly striving to enlarge the recently concluded Anglo-Soviet grain agreement so as to embrace other Marshall Plan countries; and in Washington President Truman has endorsed the Gordon Gray Report recommending not merely the extension of the Marshall Plan for four years, but an allocation of $500 millions a year for "Point Four" development. Simultaneously, the American delegation at the I.T.O. Conference in Torquay is not disguising its determination to secure the liquidation of all the economic defences of the sterling area; and the American-controlled International Monetary Fund is arguing that the strengthened position of the pound justifies insistence by the United States that Britain must buy more American goods—as well, presumably, as financing her own rearmament. Worst insanity of all, the Management Board of the European Payments Union is now insisting that Germany's excess of (largely luxury) imports, occasioned mainly by speculative buying under the impulse of war fears, should be cured by a general deflation which is bound to lead to a new wave of unemployment in Western Germany and still more intense competition between German and British manufactures—to the gain only of recruiting officers for a new Germany army.

Revolt in Nepal

The feudal order in Nepal is crumbling as it has crumbled in other parts of Asia. The pattern is the same against a background of poverty and misery, a corrupt wealthy ruling class challenged by a Nationalist movement. King Maharajadhiraja Tribhuvana Bir Bokram Shah was powerless in his own country where all power was in the hands of the Rana family to which the Prime Minister belongs. The King was known to be sympathetic towards the growing popular demand for the reform of Nepalese Government. By leaving the country, Koirala (leader of the Nepalese Congress) explains, the King has placed himself on the side of the forces of freedom. Pandit Nehru's welcome to this self-exiled King is a continuation of Indian policy towards Nepal. He had warned the Prime Minister of the increasing demands for political and social reforms. Koirala is now leading the Congress Movement which has taken advantage of the political tension in Khatmandu to march into Birganj, Nepal's second town, and to set up a People's Government under the exiled King. The Congress programme, again following the Asian pattern, is to distribute the land of the Ranas, to increase the power of the peasants and to form a responsible government with the King as the constitutional head of the State. How far this movement can succeed will depend partly on the position of the Army. Among the many rumours coming from Nepal is a report that a battalion of Gurkhas has mutinied in protest against their conditions of service and living standards. This again repeats the now familiar pattern of events in awakened Asia.

PARLIAMENT: From Freedom to Sausages

QUESTIONS of freedom have been much aired. Thereon the Tories speak with two voices. In the Upper House, Lord Hailsham (*né* Hogg) attacked the Chairman of the B.B.C. for infringing liberty by taking *Party Manners* off the air, in the interests of the Labour Party. In the Commons, Major Beamish attacked the Minister of Education for refusing to apply political tests to teachers, and revealed that, during the war, he had denied his soldiers the right of reading A.B.C.A. publications, in the interests of the Tory Party. Julian Amery admitted that his love of liberty did not extend to Africa. Speaking frankly for his Party, he said that he was not persuaded of the absolute superiority of democracy and approved "a property or an educational qualification" for enfranchisement. "At least in Africa," he said. "And elsewhere, no doubt," said an Hon. Member across the floor.

The Home Secretary was next attacked, from all parts of the House, for his virtual suppression of the Sheffield Peace Congress. By Silverman and Hinchingbrooke on the principle of free speech, and by Churchill for making so obvious what his object was. The Home Secretary was unrepentant and offered the novel defence of freedom that it was no part of its duty to provide people engaged in a cold war against it with an opportunity of spreading their ideas.

The Colonial Development Bill provoked little controversy. Intended to make provision for an increase in expenditure of £20m. on Colonial Welfare, the Debate ranged between those like Acland who thought it did too little, those like Peter McDonald who thought it did too little for private enterprise, and those like Lennox Boyd whose memory was too jaundiced by a long diet of ground nuts to enable him to think at all.

Those who expected a great occasion on the Debate on the Council of Europe—and the galleries were full—must have been greatly disappointed. It had all the promise of drama—a tense international situation abroad and violent party disagreement at home. But of drama there was none. Half an hour after its beginning, I was convinced that there could be nothing on earth duller than the Council of Europe reviewed by Ernest Davies. In yet another half-hour, I knew there was. Duncan Sandys on the same subject. Nor did the Debate recover from its start, despite the valiant attempts at recuperation of Boothby and Edelman. It was particularly unfortunate that it got bogged down in brawls about Churchill's European Army. Even Tory spokesmen in the Debate spent much care in proving that the Leader did not really mean what he said about creating a supra-national Minister of Defence for Europe. Maxwell Fyfe tried hard to save the Debate for the wide issues of human rights, but succeeded only in so overloading the current, that he blew all his own fuses. It was left to Ernest Bevin finally to kill the Debate. The Council of Europe was sorely wounded that day in the house of its friends.

It seemed even appropriate that the day finished with an attack by Sir Waldron's fellow Clown, Sir Herbert Williams, on the Government's policy regarding sausages.

TOM WILLIAMS

An Unnecessary War

If the U.S. Government is sincere in not wanting the Korean hostilities to spread into general war, its representative on the Security Council will not make Chou En-lai's answer to Trgyve Lie's "Cable 36" a pretext for refusing, on procedural grounds, to grant the Peking delegation a hearing on the whole issue of relations between America and China. The People's Republic very naturally declines to be placed in the dock when it holds that in North Korea General MacArthur is the aggressor. It therefore refuses to accept the Security Council's November 8 invitation to answer charges of armed intervention across the Yalu river, while accepting the earlier invitation of September 29 to be present at a discussion of charges that the U.S. had invaded Formosa.

The Council should not court the risk of general war with China by trying to restrict discussion exclusively to the part played in the counter-offensive this month by "volunteer brigades" from China. When General MacArthur in defiance of his directives, and contrary to assurances given to the Chinese, pushed northwards across the Chongchon River line, the Chinese may be forgiven if they began to wonder, not merely whether their vital hydro-electric installations on the Yalu River were in danger, but whether the United Nations "imperialist" General would halt even at the Manchurian frontier. The assistance which China then proceeded to give the routed North Korean army may be technically an "aggressive intervention," but it is at least comprehensible. Moreover, and this is important, there is no evidence yet that China is seeking to create more than a *glacis* between Manchuria and General MacArthur's troops: the counter-offensive was halted North of the Chongchon River, and there is no indication that the Chinese army is being committed to a full-scale offensive.

In these circumstances, the Security Council's course of wisdom is clear. It should combine its two invitations into a single offer to discuss with the Chinese delegation now flying to Lake Success a general settlement which would embrace both Formosa and Korea, North and South. The first step should be to secure a "cease-fire" along a line drawn roughly, West to East across the "waist," from Sinanju to Hungnam. The next should be to conclude a binding agreement providing for the safety of the Yalu power stations and a fair apportionment, between Korea and Manchuria, of their output. An agreement on this practical or "functional" basis would be the first step towards a discussion of the long-term status of Formosa or Korea, which would clearly involve the representation of New China on the Security Council.

Unless the Council adopts a constructive policy on these lines, the danger is manifest that American and Commonwealth forces will be bogged down indefinitely in a profitless and endless war in the mountains of North Korea—with an inevitable risk that hotheads in Washington will advocate recourse to the atomic bomb as the only alternative to the draining away of America's strength. We still hope that, the results of last week's elections notwithstanding, the U.S. Administration will think twice before it forfeits what may be the last chance of averting world war.

Plan for Coal

The Coal Board's long-term plan of development has been patiently awaited. Long-term economic planning is notoriously a difficult art—most of all in an industry which exports a substantial fraction of its output and depends for a large part of its home demand on the level of employment in other industries. Nor is it possible to frame confident forecasts either of the pace and consequences of new technical advances or of the competition to be anticipated from other sources of power—from oil and hydro-electricity to the very uncertain factor of atomic energy. In face of these and of other uncertainties—such as transport costs—it would have been useless for the Coal Board to attempt to look very far into the future; but it would have been of even less use to frame only a short-term plan, for many of the developments most likely to have a favourable influence on costs and working conditions must necessarily take a long time to produce their effects. It may need up to ten years to bring a totally new modern colliery into full activity; and even major reconstructions of existing concerns may take several years to effect. The Coal Board has chosen a date from ten to fifteen years ahead for its estimates of the industry's future; and probably this is as good a compromise as could have been made. The pace at which the required changes can be effected is bound to depend partly on the conditions of capital supply, which will be influenced by the general level of investment laid down for the country as a whole. In order to carry the proposed plans into full effect, the N.C.B. will need to spend a total of £635 millions on capital works—including £115 millions on ancillary plants for coal treatment and by-products. This sounds formidable; but most of it is scheduled to come out of depreciation allowances accruing over the next fifteen years, and the demand for really new capital investment is not unmanageably large. The coal industry, because each pit represents a wasting asset, has always needed to finance development largely out of current receipts; and part of its plight to-day is due to the failure to do this adequately during the inter-war years of depression.

At first sight, the Board's plan looks pretty drastic. Out of 950 collieries working to-day as separate units, between 350 and 400 are marked down to lose their separate existence—90 by combination into larger units and the rest by entire extinction as coal-getting agencies. The total output is scheduled to rise from under 203 million tons last year to 240 millions when the plan is in full operation, whereas the total number of mineworkers is to be reduced from 698,000 to 618,000. Greater mechanisation, improved underground transport, and concentration on the better pits are relied on to bring about this considerable change in productivity per worker, though even in 1965 there will remain many collieries working at high direct costs offset either by the special properties of the coal—as in South Wales and Kent—or by the nearness of markets. There will also be, even in 1965, collieries working at a loss, either because it would be difficult to transport more cheaply produced coals to where they are wanted or because the social consequences of closing down whole high-cost areas would be too high to be faced.

Even with the wind thus tempered to the miner, it is clear that the plan will involve big upsets. There will be great geographical shifts, above all in Scotland; a few of the small coalfields, such as the Forest of Dean and parts of Cumberland, will almost disappear; and a great many miners will need to move over shorter distances as the collieries in which they have worked are closed down. Technically, the Coal Board's plan follows in the main the lines of the Reid Report of 1945, but with a good many secondary modifications. It rejects, except for a few big projects in unworked areas, the idea of a few vast collieries each producing many thousand tons a day, and is content with less spectacular projects; but even so it proposes to work towards a daily output of 4,000-6,000 tons, as against a present average, excluding the very small pits, of 1,100. In order to achieve this, it contemplates a considerable extension of double-shift working, without which the heavy capital investment in contemplation cannot be economically incurred. This, too, means more adaptation by the miners.

Why the N.C.B.'s output target of 240 million tons a year? It has been arrived at by making a number of assumptions, all of which are necessarily open to doubt. Estimates have had to be made for exports and for bunker coal as well as for the various forms of inland demand. All these demands not only depend on price, in comparison with the prices of substitutes, but are also demands, not for coal in general, but for particular kinds. It would be easiest to expand the supply of the less specialised kinds; but this would run counter to the trend of demand—particularly export demand. Accordingly, South Wales and East Durham, despite high costs, are scheduled for big increases in output, involving very high capital expenditure, whereas some of the low-cost coalfields are marked out for a slower rate of advance.

In general, the plan seems sound, though it is hard for the layman to judge, and mainly for the miners to assess the human aspects. For at least two generations past, the cost of coal, measured in terms of the prices of other goods, has been rising sharply—most of all in this country, where old pits are many, but to some extent in most producing areas. The Coal Board is setting out to arrest this trend, and even, if it can, reverse it; and this clearly cannot be done except at high capital cost and to the accompaniment of big changes in location and in working conditions. To these latter the miners can be expected to agree only if they get some share in the proceeds of improved working; nor can the hoped-for cost reductions be achieved unless the miners accept the necessary changes with good will and are able to feel that proper consideration is being given to the human aspects. The Board's Report fully recognises all this; but more than words will be needed to convince the miners. Only an enlightened and friendly management at every level can hope to carry out these drastic changes.

These "Feeble" French—II

THE last few weeks have shown that France has a more independent policy than was assumed in London or Washington. She is profoundly conscious of being neither an island like Britain, nor a continent three thousand miles across the sea, but the largest Western Power on the European peninsula. Atlantic Pact or no Atlantic Pact, it was inevitable that, sooner or later, France's reactions would be different from those of Britain and America to (a) the possibility of war with Russia, (b) the danger of German rearmament, (c) European federation, and (d) a Four-Power agreement on Germany. The differences between France on the one hand and the Anglo-Saxon Bloc on the other have emerged more clearly than ever—even to the point of producing this Paris wisecrack: "What if France is to become Washington's 'Yugoslavia'!"

Of course, France is not Washington's "Yugoslavia," and is most unlikely to become anything like it—unless, of course, the United States makes it clear that it would welcome a war with Russia, or is determined to rearm Germany regardless of France's wishes. "If the Americans do that," a person very close to the Pleven Government remarked to me the other day, "it will be the beginning of the end of the Atlantic Pact." And with the "MacArthur Party" strengthened by the American election, the French may be expected to be more vigilant of American intentions than ever.

In his statement on October 24, M. Pleven made it clear that France did not consider war with Russia inevitable, and that she would welcome Four-Power talks. No immediate results should be expected, but, in M. Pleven's words, "if such talks were held periodically, they would gradually help to eliminate the present causes of conflict and distrust." Even from the most unexpected quarters voices were raised, in the two-day debate at the National Assembly on German rearmament and on the "Pleven Plan," in favour of "following up the Prague proposals." M. Daniel Mayer, speaking for the Socialists, was particularly insistent on this point, and so were men as far removed from the Communists as M. Louis Marin and M. Daladier; the latter declared that he thought a Russian attack on Western Europe most unlikely. The Russian proposal, made since then, for a conference to settle the German problem inevitably met with a favourable response in France. It seemed to open up the possibility of escaping from the nightmare of German rearmament, as advocated by the Pentagon—a rearmament which would, without fail, produce the most violent reaction in Russia. With France agreeing to such a step, the Russians would, apart from anything else, almost certainly repudiate the Franco-Soviet Pact of 1944—and the psychological effect in France would be far greater than is imagined outside.

That M. Pleven himself has been fully aware of this feeling in the country may be seen from the fact that, two months ago, his paper, *Le Petit Bleu des Côtes du Nord* suggested that it might be as well, before proceeding with German rearmament, to find out from the Russians how far they really intend to proceed with their rearmament of Eastern Germany. For German rearmament is what France dreads most of all. If the demilitarisation of Germany could be genuinely agreed upon with the Russians, France would like nothing better. This does not mean that France would like Europe generally to be disarmed. Her distrust of Russia remains great, but that of Germany even greater. The purpose of the "Pleven Plan" is precisely to impress upon the Americans that it is no use their trying to rearm Germany and leave the G.I.'s at home. If the United States were willing to station in Europe, say, 30 armoured divisions and 6,000 planes, France would be perfectly content with her "security"; but that is just what Washington has clearly no desire to do. On the other hand, to equip 10 or 20 or (eventually) 30 German armoured divisions instead is what France will not accept on any account. If one analysed French feelings on the subject, one would probably find, in the end, that if the only alternative to thirty German divisions were the neutralisation of *both* France and Germany, and the exclusion of France from the American sphere of military defence, she would, on the whole, prefer the latter. The danger of France's physical destruction in the next war would, at least, be less great.

The purpose of the "Pleven Plan," put out before the Russians had raised afresh the question of the demilitarisation of Germany, was to meet the Americans half way. But it seems probable that, even if nothing comes of German demilitarisation, the French will still stick to the idea of the "European Army"—despite all its disadvantages. One great disadvantage—and on this many speakers in the Assembly debate dwelt—is psychological: what would the French soldier really feel as he was going into battle side-by-side with ex-Nazis against Russians who had, after all, never done France, still less him personally, any harm? Some—and by no means Communists—have indeed gone as far as to say that, if Germany were to be rearmed *à l'américaine*, France would inevitably begin to develop something of a fellow-feeling for Poland and Czechoslovakia.

Apart from actual rearmament, France is very conscious of the danger of Germany's becoming, with all restrictions lifted on her steel production, the mightiest military arsenal in Europe. There are other dangers, too. As one member of the Government privately remarked: "The trouble is that, in a year from now, the Americans are going to have a big army. It'll be a bore if they suddenly decide *they want to use it!*" And even more than after the first world war, the French are profoundly convinced that wars are no longer won or lost, as they were in the past. Military victory in itself is nothing; what matters is what happens afterwards.

Moreover, pending a "military pool," the French are also very far from pleased with the amount of rearmament they are expected to pay for. When last August they proposed equipping 15 divisions, in addition to the five already in existence, they thought America would be delighted and pay ungrudgingly. But when M. Petsche returned from Washington, bringing with him only the promise of 70 milliards instead of the 270 milliards he had asked for to help him cover the deficit, the question soon arose whether it would not be wiser to cut down the 15 divisions to something rather more modest. The negotiations are now continuing, but the first French reaction was characteristic. Least of all in a pre-election year is the French Government much inclined to take heroic measures to wipe out the budget deficit. France's proposed military expenditure for 1951 is: 500 milliard francs regular defence budget; 350 milliard francs rearmament proper; total 850 milliard francs. Even if the U.S.A. pays 70 milliards in "free dollars" for the second half of 1951, as well as for the first half, France will still be left with an extra 130 milliards (plus the original 80 milliards) of "pure rearmament" to pay out of her own pocket. Considering that the total budget deficit is expected to be around 700 milliards anyway, the Americans will have to contribute rather more than they mean to do at present if they don't want the French to save money by rearming *less*. Butter (as well as houses and schools) rather than guns is something about which everybody in France still feels very strongly.

Paris, November. ALEXANDER WERTH

London Diary

THE Communists have no case for complaint about the exclusion of delegates to the Sheffield Conference. Imagine scores of Social Democrats asking for permission to enter Poland, Czechoslovakia or the Soviet Union in order to attend a conference where the speakers would denounce the Government! The absurdity of Communist complaints, however, is irrelevant to the question whether our Government's policy was right. Though Mr. Ede stood up stoutly for himself and cleared away a lot of misrepresentations, he left me with the conviction that he would have done better to uphold the principle of freedom he asserted. His idea of dividing, as he put it, the shepherds from the sheep, or the Communists from the peace-lovers, was not a success. The Communists were smart enough to blame him and switch the Conference to Poland. The right way of separating the sheep who wanted peace from those who wanted to shepherd them into support of any and all Soviet policies would have been to let the foreign Communists in, to drop the Labour

Party ban on participation in this Communist activity and then to flood the conference with Social Democrats demanding to be heard. The Communists, who now declare that they wish for discussion and have abandoned the unrewarding tactics of the Wroclaw Conference, could scarcely have refused. Their bluff would have been called and we should have discovered how many genuine peace-makers were present. We might even have seen the birth of a genuine peace movement. Instead we look like hypocrites who slam the door while we boast that we keep open house.

* * *

I hear that General MacArthur was very angry indeed with this journal last week. The facts we cited on our front page about his disobedience to United Nations directives were not speculative, but precise and incontrovertible. This week I've learnt that the matter might have been put even more strongly, since the United Nations not only directed MacArthur (subject always, of course, to an escape clause about discretion in case of military necessity) not to go beyond the Isthmus line, but it also assured the Chinese that we were not intending to advance beyond it. As the Chinese had been previously assured in similar terms about the 38th Parallel, they very naturally suspect that MacArthur may not halt his advance even at the Yalu River. Their suspicions are now being confirmed by well-known American journalists who demand that America gets on with the job of bombing Manchuria. The British should make it clear that, rather than agree to this policy, our soldiers will be withdrawn.

* * *

Bertrand Russell is one of the half-dozen men who have most profoundly influenced the humanistic thought of the last forty years. He became famous, first as a mathematician, and then as a rational pacifist, who was deprived of his Fellowship at King's College, Cambridge, and went to prison for his principles in the first world war. Since then he has written many books of exquisitely limpid prose on philosophy, science, ethics and politics. He has never claimed the dubious virtue of consistency. The argument of each essay or book is logically perfect and complete within itself; another book or essay may be based on a different premise and come to precisely the opposite conclusion. He has written many times to explain that of all the choices before us, war would indubitably be the worst. In 1936 he sustained this thesis under the great pressure of the totalitarian threat in his "*Which Way to Peace?*" No one would have been surprised if at any time between the two world wars Bertrand Russell had been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. After the last war, even more deeply troubled by the spread of Communism than he was by the power of Rome which he had often denounced, he decided that it would be both good morals and good politics to start dropping bombs on Moscow. It is therefore surprising but suitable that at this climax of his career Bertrand Russell should be presented with the Nobel Prize, not for his work for peace, but for his services to Literature. I am delighted at this recognition of the wittiest and most pure of English stylists.

If the Nobel Prize committee have been a long time discovering the merit of Bertrand Russell, they cannot be accused of timidity in selecting William Faulkner. The last American to be chosen, Pearl Buck, was a best-selling novelist, but few who are not highbrows, even in America, will have read a line of Faulkner. Born in the Deep South fifty-three years ago, he has left it only rarely, though he was in France during the first World War as a pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force. He is one of those American novelists in whom the Civil War still rages, and his books are dark with doom and miscegenation, decaying mansions and Negroes, for whom Faulkner feels a deep, if Southern, sympathy. His style alone would prevent his ever being widely read: he writes like a Henry James who has come under the influence of Joyce, Lawrence and the psycho-analysts. But his influence on contemporary American writing has been profound. Even before the war he had been adopted by the intellectuals as one of their their models and his work is probably as well known in Paris as in New York. In this country his influence has been much less, but years ago he wrote a pot-boiler called *The Sound and the Fury*. It is not Faulkner's fault if its literary descendants include *No Orchids For Miss Blandish*.

* * *

Lord Tedder is now elected Chancellor of Cambridge University and it might be thought that no further useful comment could be made. I might have accepted this had I not read the strong and informative letter by Mr. Noel Annan, a Fellow of King's, in the *Cambridge Review* for November 4th. He explained that Lord Tedder was the choice of a small clique of Cambridge dignitaries (he does not explicitly refer to Corpus Christi) who pushed Lord Tedder's name through at an informal meeting in the Senate House on October 14th, brushing aside a counter-proposal that Lord Mountbatten's name might be considered. He then described the pressure brought to bear on Heads of Houses and others to support Lord Tedder with the result that no recourse remained except for the younger and more enterprising dons themselves to put forward an opposition candidate. They finally decided on Nehru and were gratified by the large body of support that came from distinguished graduates. Unhappily Nehru, as Premier of a great Power, felt himself compelled to withdraw from the contest. In his letter, written before Pandit Nehru's withdrawal, Mr. Annan said:

> Many of the younger members of the Senate regard this election as having been—like a delicate marriage—"arranged." Arranged by the small clique who were determined not to consult opinion and regarded informal meetings as eye-wash and elections as bad form. How many of the Heads consulted opinion in their colleges? How many ever invited suggestions from their Faculties? What effort was made to consult the age group of 30 to 50?

Mr. Annan concludes that the procedure for nominating a Chancellor needs revision.

* * *

The long absence of Mr. Tom Driberg in the Far East has produced some good dispatches in *Reynolds News*; his independent observation should be of great value in informing the public about conditions in Korea, Hong Kong and Malaya. But Mr. Driberg's duties are primarily those of an M.P., and during a period when the Party has only been saved in the House of Commons by small majorities (often made up by Members arriving from beds of sickness and in bath chairs) it is inevitable that other M.P.s should be angry at his prolonged absence. I am glad to note that the Parliamentary Labour Party has decided that this was a matter for them alone, that they accepted his full apology and promise of future good behaviour and did not remit the matter to the Executive, which might only too easily have decided that expulsion was the appropriate disciplinary measure. Common sense saved the day.

CRITIC

THE DEANS' DILEMMA

Where shall Shaw's honoured ashes rest?
Who owns this universal man?
Two Pantheons the right contest
To claim this controversial man.
This deathless, this tremendous man,
This perfectly stupendous man
Provokes once more a wordy war for Englishman and Irishman.

Westminster and St. Patrick's Deans
Hold arguments prelatical,
Both Chapters mass behind the scenes
In attitudes dogmatical.
Both press a disputatious plan,
Both chide a most audacious plan,
Shaw lived and died as England's pride although he was an Irishman.

Westminster's Dean, they say, proclaims
"I deprecate your shabby plan,
Since Ireland's most illustrious names
Are laid within the Abbey, man.
In London they'll be buried, man,
Like Goldsmith and like Sheridan,
Though they may be no less than he were everyone an Irishman."

St. Patrick's Dean, they say, replies,
"Why can't you cease your troublin', man,
For all can see who use their eyes,
He was indeed a Dublin man.
Descent is there for all to scan,
Our registers can trace the clan,
You waste your breath; in life and death, he always was an Irishman."

Though by the accident of birth
St. Patrick's has the prior claim,
Since here he passed his days on earth
Westminster has the higher claim.
This ageless, this immortal man
In England passed his mortal span,
Which makes it clear his heart was here though he was born an Irishman.

The Doctors of Divinity
An ultimate decision ban—
Which land has his affinity?
There can be no partition plan.
He did not end where he began,
He did not choose—now no one can;
The situation's Shavian
He's at the last, as in the past, an enigmatic Irishman.

SAGITTARIUS.

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD

That Mentone and Monte Carlo had become serious competitors to Teignmouth and Torquay as holiday resorts, was a warning made by Mr. R. A. Colwill, speaking at the Chamber of Commerce annual dinner, held at the Seacroft Hotel, on Thursday of last week.—*Teignmouth Post & Gazette*. (M. A. Percival.)

Set nicely bound *Six Years of War in Pictures*. (Ideal Christmas present.)—Advert. in *Reading Standard*. (Mary Folley.)

We prefer to live in houses belonging to the Earl of Harewood, even if they are not quite as up-to-date as those the Council can supply.—Speech reported by *Yorkshire Post*. (W. S. Hill.)

George Albert are the names chosen by Philippine Minister Jose E. Romero and his raven-haired 39-year-old wife for their seventh child.

Why George Albert? The Minister told me: "The girls wanted Winston and the boys wanted Clement. I compromised."—*Star*. (S. G. Dixon.)

Jones.—On Nov. 3, 1950, at Salisbury Infirmary (Private Ward), to Isóbel (née Bown), wife of C. Maurice Jones . . . a daughter.—Advert. in *Daily Telegraph*. (G. R. Parry.)

Second and Fourth Housemaids for known good place, St. Albans, Herts; one gentleman in family; staff 11.—Advertisement in *The Times*. (H. V. Webb.)

Mrs. —— wishes to thank the nurse and doctor for their kind co-operation in the loss of her husband.—*North Bucks Times*. (R. Kennett.)

After the U.S. Polls

By midnight on election day, it was clear that the Democrats were in a corner and that the finish might be as close as it was in Britain last February. As the last precincts reported next day, the Democratic Party squeezed home by a single marginal seat in the Senate and by about a score in the House; it was just enough to enable them technically to organise the Eighty-second Congress. They had done their best organisationally, and the local machines had saved the day by turning out the largest mid-term vote yet recorded, sufficient to limit the Republican gains to the normal off-year average, and amazingly close to the prediction made to me some weeks ago by Louis Bean, the statistician in the Department of Agriculture, who was one of the very few who forecast a Truman victory two years ago.

On the face of it, then, the Democrats have done reasonably well. But in Congress, personalities often matter more than nominal party labels. While Republican hands have once again been held off the levers of power, the Fair Deal did badly. Senator Lehman's victory in New York was expected, in spite of the confusion and abuse which characterised the campaign both in the State and the City. But in Colorado, Representative Carroll, one of the most liberal members of Congress, failed to defeat Senator Millikin, the political echo of Robert Taft; Helen Douglas was defeated in the California Senate race by Richard Nixon, the member of the Un-American Activities Committee who brought the Hiss case to a head; and in Iowa, A. J. Loveland, an advocate of the Brannan Plan for agriculture, failed to displace the diehard incumbent, Bourke Hickenlooper. Senators Pepper (Florida), Graham (N. Carolina), and Glen Taylor of Idaho, who was Henry Wallace's running-mate in 1948, had already been defeated in the party primary elections earlier this year by anti-Fair Deal candidates. Senator Downey of California had retired, and Senator Thomas of Utah was unexpectedly defeated. The disappearance of each of these from Capitol Hill means more than the loss of more or less reliable Fair Dealers: it means, first, a shift to the Right inside the Democratic Congressional delegation, and, secondly, since most of them were beaten by diehard Republicans who had no scruples about the stops they pulled in their election obbligati, it means a distinct strengthening of the most reactionary Republican wing.

This group includes, among those Senators up for election this year, Capehart and Robert Taft, both of whom came safely home. The money and effort that the trade unions poured into Ohio to beat Taft were not nearly adequate to rescue his fatuous Democratic opponent, "Jumping Joe" Ferguson; and this Taft victory not only strengthens his position in the Senate as "Mr. Republican," and adds weight to the resistance to the repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act, but it leaves him as the main contender for the Republican Presidential nomination two years from now, if General Eisenhower is still unwilling or unable to come forward. The unions will feel their failure in Ohio the more sharply because of their comparative lack of success elsewhere. They worked hard for the Democratic ticket in many places, and especially hard for individual Fair Dealers, but too often they were unable to "deliver" a union vote, a failure the more marked because Senator Taft carried one industrial district after another in Ohio.

Thus the Neanderthal Republicans, reinforced by such old isolationists as Oworshak in Idaho and Dirksen in Illinois, may well claim that their rejection of a moderate policy—the "me-tooism" of Governor Dewey—and their use of a fierce offensive strategy have been justified by results. Theirs was a victory for the McCarthy line, which blamed Korea and Communism upon an evil conspiracy between Franklin Roosevelt, Alger Hiss, Dean Acheson and Owen Lattimore, which denounced the Fair Deal as a Socialist plot to enslave America, and called for a tougher foreign policy and financial retrenchment in the same breath. Even Governor Dewey, as bland as ever, leaned in this direction, though he had no trouble in disposing of his opponent, Mr. Lynch, the colourless nominee of Ed Flynn, the political "boss" of the Bronx, whose manoeuvres this year brought disaster to the Democratic ticket in New York, with the exception of Senator Lehman.

Yet it would be false to conclude from all this that there was a landslide to the Right. Morse, of Oregon, Tobey, of New Hampshire, Duff of Pennsylvania, liberal Republicans of various hues, came home comfortably. Magnuson, the Fair Dealer from Washington, won his fight, as did Senators McMahon and Benton, in a Connecticut campaign which was so close that Chester Bowles, the old New Dealer, lost his post as Governor. Certainly, the political fulcrum has shifted away from the Administration's general line, but for all the money and intensive progaganda that the Republicans laid out, the fact remains that they were still unable to shake the real strongholds of the Democratic Party and drive it from power. Their real success was to drive the Democrats on to the defensive, in a period of domestic boom and international crisis, in which a Fair Deal reform programme can be made to seem distant or irrelevant, and in which the electorate's attention can be focused on fear of Communism at home and abroad. This success was highlighted by the defeat of the Administration's Senate spokesmen, Scott Lucas of Illinois, and Myers of Pennsylvania, besides the surprise failure of Tydings in Maryland, who had had the task of curbing McCarthy's witch-hunt. This seems to portend even greater difficulty in persuading the new Congress to accept the President's social programme, though it is far too early to detect any definite swing of the pendulum towards an overall Republican victory in 1952. It seems also to suggest that the Eighty-second Congress will be even more clamant than its predecessor for a "tough" policy abroad and a sustained drive against Communism at home. If Dean Acheson is not actually forced to resign, he can nevertheless expect a rough passage for the next few months.

It is hard, in a campaign in which many thousands of offices were at stake, from Congress, through judgeships, state legislatures and governors, to a fantastic variety of minor posts, to select special features. But it is clear that, nationally speaking, there was much more crossing of normal party lines, coupled with selective voting, than is usual. New York, of course, is an outstanding example. Dewey romped home, but his ticket-mate, the unfortunate Joe Hanley, was swamped by Herbert Lehman. In New York City, moreover, the voters for the first time elected a mayoralty candidate running without the backing of a major party. In revolt against the "boss-dictated" ticket, against corruption in the police and municipal affairs, they chose Vincent Impellitteri, a Democrat who broke with Tammany Hall to run as an independent. This particular campaign, fantastic for its tortuous confusion and abuse, was the product, basically, of a fight for power within the New York City Democratic machine. The dominant De Sapio faction, which allied itself with the Flynn machine in the Bronx to nominate Judge Pecora for Mayor—an elaborate arrangement, involving Mayor O'Dwyer's resignation, designed to enable Lynch to beat Dewey by using a mayoralty contest to bring out the heavy Democratic vote in the city—was soundly trounced by Impellitteri, who was in fact backed by the dissident Sampson-Blaikie faction of Tammany, and encouraged covertly by Tom Dewey, delighted at the internecine fight in the Democratic camp.

There were other interesting local results. The Democratic landslide in Philadelphia, for example, was the aftermath of a corruption scandal in Republican ranks, and, right across the continent, recent disclosures of corruption played some part, especially in local elections. In Georgia, a constitutional device to limit the influence of Negro voters was rejected, and the South Carolina electorate voted for the repeal of the poll-tax. In New York City, a Democratic-Republican-Liberal coalition finally succeeded in defeating Vito Marcantonio, the last lone voice in Congress of the American Labour Party.

I noted earlier the part that personalities have played in this election. Until the new Congress meets in January, it is hard to predict precisely how they will weld into voting blocs. All that can be said to-day is that the new emphasis is towards the Centre and Right, and that the Fair Deal is going on to the shelf. NORMAN MACKENZIE

New York, November 8.

Timber Adrift

(By a Correspondent)

THE confusion which can be caused by the jettisoning of controls in the interests of an economy liberalised *à l'americaine* is instructively illustrated by current happenings in the timber trade. Last month, importers of softwood were officially informed that they could now purchase freely from Scandinavia, Finland and certain other timber-exporting areas any supplies due to arrive here after the end of this year, and that after 31st March, 1951, all restrictions on selling prices would be abolished. For the present, the Government would continue to buy in bulk from "hard currency" and "Iron Curtain" areas and re-sell to the trade at market prices.

It was an odd moment to choose for this partial decontrol. A year ago, Mr. Harold Wilson had refused to restore a free market in softwood on the ground that stocks were so low that decontrol would have led to higher prices. But in August, 1950, stocks were appreciably smaller than they were in August of last year, and were little more than half the figure for August, 1948. What pursuaded Mr. Wilson to take a more optimistic view of the stock position? Can he really have been unaware that the completion of contracts for priority work, such as cooling towers for new power plants, was in some cases being held up by timber shortage, and that house-builders were often having to use timber converted from larger sizes at the cost of anything up to 20 per cent. increase in price?

However that may be, foreign timber shippers lost no time in exploiting the situation. Overnight the Swedes put up the price of softwood by 30 per cent.—a vivid comment on the advantages of "free" buying. The British housing programme will be saddled, for the time being, with considerably higher costs in so far as this "free" timber is used next year. The question, however, which is exercising the timber trade is how far it will be possible to dispose without loss of the supplies which importing firms are now invited to buy at much higher prices than the Government could have obtained in Scandinavia if bulk purchasing had been continued. Some optimists, who have had the courage to buy at the current inflated prices, point to the present acute shortage in Britain and assume that the effects on prices of devaluation and the Korean affair will last long enough to enable them to "unload" at a profit. Yet it is significant that the price of American softwood, which had soared after Korea, has now fallen again as a result of the drastic cuts in the American housing programme.

The trade's worst headache, however, derives from rumours that the British Government has already placed, both in the dollar and the "Iron Curtain" areas, such large contracts for 1951 supplies that the present acute scarcity may be short-lived. It is true that the Government is believed to be taking steps to build up a strategic reserve of timber for war purposes; but the projected size of this reserve is said to be modest. Unless, therefore, a large proportion of the Government's bulk purchases are held off the market in 1951, the present inflation of softwood prices, which has carried the quotation for best Swedish qualities to £70 per standard, f.o.b., may not last. In brief, softwood importers are faced with the choice of more or less suspending operations at the risk of a British timber famine or of entering into immediate contracts whose fulfilment may involve them in serious losses—particularly since the intention apparently is to continue to restrict by licensing the consumption of softwood. Mr. Wilson has succeeded in providing both importers and users of softwood with the worst of both worlds.

Swan Song of the Dutch Empire

THOSE countries of which we know nothing have acquired a habit of hitting the headlines. Such might be the fate of West Irian—the Indonesian name for West New Guinea—to-day the most explosive issue between the Republic of Indonesia and the Netherlands. It would have wrecked the Round Table Conference at The Hague a year ago if a compromise had not been unobtrusively put forward by the United Nations Commission on Indonesia. The result was that all territory known as the Netherlands East Indies was transferred to the Republic of Indonesia *except* this remote, largely unexplored Western half of Irian, which remained under Dutch control with the provision "that within a year from the date of transfer of sovereignty to the Republic of the United States of Indonesia (December 27th, 1949) the question of the political status of New Guinea be determined through negotiations between the two Parties." The Indonesians were naturally disappointed about this decision, and some of the delegates expressed fears that Dr. Hatta had gone too far to meet the Dutch; they suspected American and Australian encouragement in this eleventh hour threat to the transfer of sovereignty.

To-day, less than six weeks before the date on which the future status of West Irian must be settled, agreement seems as far off as ever. Indonesians and Dutch members of the Joint Committee on West Irian failed to agree at their introductory discussions in May at Jacarta; after a visit to the territory they were no nearer agreement, and finally, they published separate reports when their talks broke down in The Hague at the end of August. Meanwhile, the Dutch have found an energetic ally in the Australian Foreign Minister, Mr. Spender, who makes no secret of his belief that, strategically and racially, he considers the Dutch as safer neighbours than the Indonesians in the Western part of an island of which his Government controls the Eastern half—Papua and Australian New Guinea. Pandit Nehru, on the other hand, has expressed his view that historical and geographical considerations give weight to Indonesia's claim to West Irian. The question "must be settled peacefully by co-operation between the two parties concerned." Such a view is likely to be that of the vast majority of politically minded Asians, who regard Dutch policy in West Irian as the swan song of Holland's Asian Empire. It was thither, in fact, that the Dutch Government relegated many of the men and women who fought for their independence. In the remote village of Boven Digoel, they built concentration camps in the Twenties. Dr. Hatta served a part of his sentence there; so did Sjahrir. Thousands grew old in Boven Digoel, and many died. No wonder that the Indonesians feel keenly about West Irian.

The Dutch meet these perfectly legitimate sentiments by quoting scientists who find reasons of geology, natural history, anthropology and language for separating New Guinea from Indonesia. The Indonesians quote other scientists who hold other views, and add that "the connection between the transfer of sovereignty and the geology, the fauna and flora of West Irian is exceedingly remote. . . . Politicians only know that all Indonesians possess a head and attach no importance to the difference between a brachicephalic or dolichocephalic skull."

The next theme in Holland's swan song is out-of-date, disingenuous and self-righteous. They have had three hundred years to teach these stone-age people the benefits of Dutch rule. "If this population," the Dutch Report says, "should come into contact with the modern world without being properly led and under modern supervision, great dangers threaten it." To Indonesians this sounds like the old, old story of colonialism. Basing their claim not on ethnological nor on racial grounds but the wish to do away with all colonial bonds in West Irian, they advanced their own alternative principles—"to grant extensive autonomous power to the original population within the frame of the Indonesian Government; to open up the islands to exploitation and colonisation for all peoples who have broken with the principle of foreign economic usurpation and imperialism; to promote the civilisation and cultural progress of the aboriginal population through religion, where this is possible with the assistance of the Government; to include the territory in the system for the defence of the freedom of Indonesia."

The Dutch Report claims that West Irians dislike the Indonesians. As evidence, they describe the need for police protection on behalf of the Indonesian members of the Joint Commission which visited the territory last summer, and the number of resolutions presented through them to Queen Juliana, petitioning to be allowed to remain under the Netherlands Crown. The area is under Dutch administration ; and, during the Commission's stay in West Irian, the local people were kept under surveillance, especially men such as Silas Papare, a nationalist Irian leader with a remarkable pro-Allied record during the war, and now adviser to the Indonesian delegation of the Joint Commission.

Attached to the Indonesian Report are appendixes describing the activities of the independence movement, of which the most important and active party is the Partaj Kemerdekaan Indonesia Irian, set up in 1946, and the record of interviews which some of its leaders gave to the Joint Committee. They described insurrections in several areas since the end of the war. One of them, Martin Andey, just released after a four-year sentence for taking part in these revolts, said that thousands had been imprisoned with him.

The Dutch use the argument of religion : the Indonesians are Muslims, whilst in the coastal areas some local people have joined the Christian Church, and most education is in the hands of the Missionaries. Admitting the disinterested work of many Missionaries, the Indonesians say that the people must be allowed to choose what religion they adopt.

Similarly, the economic argument has equally no real validity. West Irian did not show profits quickly enough in the past. This sudden interest in Irian's economic development during the past year will not mislead anyone. During that time, garrisons have been strengthened, coastal communications improved, immigration schemes planned for people who do not like the Republic—mainly Indo-Europeans — a one-year plan for which the Dutch parliament voted thirty million guilders last December. And oil ; the first shipment of crude oil was made in December, 1948, and this year increasing quantities have been sent to Australian refineries from wells owned 40 per cent. by Royal Dutch Shell, 40 per cent. by the Standard Vacuum Group and 20 per cent. by the Standard Oil Co. of California. These new proofs of Dutch concern for the West Irians are not an expression of colonialism, according to the Governor Van Waardenburg. Anyone who used that word, he said in The Hague recently, was using an " ugly qualification for a splendid task undertaken in the interests of the New Guinea population. The primary job is to bring further civilisation and greater prosperity to a population which to a large extent is still in the early stages of development."

But these are not the real arguments which lie behind Dutch and Australian policy. The crux of the matter is strategy, the role of Indonesia in the Cold War or in a future world war. For West Irian has important potential bases. The Germans discovered this in the first world war, when the *Emden* was hidden in Fak-Fak Bay for overhaul while the Australian navy searched the seas in vain for a month. In the second world war, General MacArthur used Hollandia as an advance base for troops which leap-frogged on to the Philippines. Mr. Spender, pulling out the Red bogy in Tokyo, The Hague, London and Washington, is trying to prevent the transference of West Irian to the Republic of Indonesia. If the Indonesians control the area, he maintains, Communists might infiltrate over the frontiers into that part of Irian under Australian Mandate, upsetting the White Australian policy and introducing other dangerous ideas. Further, hostile Indonesians would be in control of West Irian oilfields—a reserve in the event of war, since the major supplies are already in Republican control. To this, the Indonesians reply :

> A strong and democratic Indonesia, by being obviously capable of defending her territory, will benefit Australia, and can be considered by Australia as a natural barrier in the North. . . . By an attitude of better understanding, Australia could herself help Indonesia and Holland to solve this problem amicably and so consolidate her good relations with both countries. Good relations between Australia and Indonesia will certainly benefit democratic progress and security in South East Asia.

There can, in fact, be no real solution except by the transfer of West Irian to the Republic of Indonesia. Given that transference, then a constructive programme in the interests of the Irian people in particular, and of the Indonesians in general, can become the subjects of joint development. But, as President Sukarno said in a broadcast last May, " so long as New Guinea is not yet back in our fold, there will always remain something not fulfilled in our national aspirations."

The Indonesians call Mr. Spender's policy " Kangaroo Imperialism." It is supported by Dutch extremists, but many Dutch in Indonesia increasingly appreciate the dangers of frustrating Indonesian nationalism ; they understand that it is better to preserve the Netherlands-Indonesian Union and to lose West Irian than it is to gain West Irian—a very doubtful proposition anyhow—and to lose the Union. If the more enlightened view prevails and West Irian is transferred to Indonesia at the end of the year, it will not only strengthen the Indonesian Government by removing from its agenda a potentially dangerous issue ; it will help to build up peace and stability in the South Pacific.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

Banning Books

As a very young man I took part in the prosecution of a newsagent for selling *La Vie Parisienne*, *Le Sourire*, *Madame Sans-Gêne*, *Frou-Frou*, *Le Regiment*, and one or two other Gallic glossies of the period. It all came about rather sadly. Strolling in his lunch-hour, a young bank clerk saw these magazines displayed in a wire rack outside the newsagent's shop. He took down *Le Sourire* and saw in it a " small ad." which offered to send, *sous enveloppes ordinaires*, an assortment of *photogravures intimes* from Paris for 3 Frs. 50. On their way to him the pictures were intercepted in the post by henchmen of the Postmaster-General acting under section 16 of the Post Office Act, 1908. They were sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions ; in due course their startled non-recipient, visited by the police, made a statement to them which implicated the newsagent ; and in the ensuing prosecution, since there was no way of getting at the Parisian publisher for transgressing our postal laws, it was decided to arraign the newsagent (under Section 4 of the Vagrancy Act, 1824) for " wilfully exposing to view in a public place certain obscene prints and pictures," and to call the bank-clerk as a witness.

For this purpose it was necessary to drop the matter of the *photogravures intimes* and rely on the contents of the magazines themselves. It fell to my lot to translate about ten glossies from cover to cover. It took me weeks, and I learned much which I have since forgotten ; but I remember clearly that the articles and stories, which had seemed excitingly wicked to my Nonconformist vision until I got the dictionary open, turned out to be both erotically disappointing and almost painstakingly unfunny.

The point is that the newsagent's counsel, who succeeded in nettling me a bit by alleging that I had systematically chosen the most noisome of available synonyms (but I wonder if I had ?), maintained in his speech to the magistrate that if there were too many of these French magazines in the country it was because the French, since the eighteen-fifties, had been so busy punishing authors and publishers in their own courts. (He was very interesting about Flaubert, and Baudelaire, and Saint-Beuve.) " The more you resort to this kind of persecution," he said, " the more erotic literature you will get and the more erotic it will be." Twenty pounds, said the magistrate ; and five guineas costs. And there had better be no more copies of *Le Sourire* in that district.

Now that I come to think of it, I've never seen it there since. Why is this ? Do the retailers know, on an empirical basis, that certain French periodicals are dynamite in certain British magisterial districts ? If so, they have an advantage over most other people—over, for example, the home-coming traveller who has bought books in Paris or New York. If you ask a Customs official whether the contents of your book-bag are all right, he may tell you which of your purchases will be detained pending " very serious enquiries as to your reason for possessing them," but he will not tell you what other books to avoid in future. He could tell you, for he has a list ; but it is " not available to the public."

Nor, as a general rule, will you learn the titles of prohibited books from the press reports of prosecutions under the Obscene Publications Act, 1857, for they are usually referred to as " a number of books." This no doubt ensures that few books shall emulate the success of *Ulysses* or *The Well of Loneliness* ; but it leaves you guessing as to which of the less notorious works you may safely buy (or even borrow, lend, or show to someone else.) Three months ago at Blackpool, for example, when a shopkeeper was summoned to show cause why a number of books should not be destroyed as obscene, the offending books were described in the newspapers as "sex instruction manuals," two "books by gynæcologists," and two encyclopædias. The prosecution proceeded on lines which, it might have been hoped, were by this time completely discredited in English courts, namely by the submission of marked passages in books of 500 or 600 pages, so that the magistrates need only bother to read the bits that had upset the police. One of the pieces thus selected was a celebrated passage from Havelock Ellis which has been available to the public for fifty years. The magistrates ordered that all the books be destroyed.

Now these occasional upsurges of parochial purity may be a good thing for the hardier retailers along the Charing Cross Road, but they leave the rest of the country's booksellers in a quandary. Their legal advisers can only repeat to them what the Court of Queen's Bench said in *R. v. Hicklin* (1868), namely that "the test of obscenity is whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall"; though since 1932 they have been able to supplement this with the even more daunting decision in *R. v. de Montalk* that the prosecution do not have to prove any intention to corrupt public morals.

In the United States, where the English decision of 1868 seemed to be generally accepted until the Southern New York District Court, in 1933, lifted the ban on Joyce's *Ulysses*, there is the same local variation of practice. Judge Woolsey's classic judgment in the *Ulysses* case emphasized that obscenity must be "dirt for dirt's sake." In March last year a most interesting case came before the Quarter Sessions Court of Philadelphia, when the assistant District Attorney prosecuted five city booksellers for selling obscene literature in violation of the laws of Pennsylvania. The books were James T. Farrell's *Studs Lonigan* trilogy and *A World I Never Made*, William Faulkner's *Wild Palms* and *Sanctuary*, Calder Willingham's *End as a Man*, Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre*, and Harold Robbins's *Never Love a Stranger*.

Philadelphia's "vice-squad" detectives, spurred by the local clergy, descended upon the defendants' shops and took 2,500 copies of these books away in vans. Judge Curtis Bok, a youngish man with a sense of literary values, did not think much of the books—which he read thoroughly. But section 524 of the Commonwealth Law, having to do with obscene literature, he said, could not constitutionally be applied to any writing unless it was sexually impure and pornographic. (So much was common ground: it is always the next step that divides. What do those words mean at any given point in the social and moral development of a people?) "Far from inciting to lewd or lecherous desires which are sensorially pleasurable," said Judge Bok, "these books leave one either with a sense of horror or of pity for the degradation of mankind. It will be asked whether one would care to have one's young daughter read these books. I suppose that by the time she is old enough to wish to read them she will have learned the biological facts of life and the words that go with them. There is something seriously wrong at home if those facts have not been met and faced and sorted by then. It is not children so much as parents that should receive our concern about this." Few modern daughters would disagree with him. "I should prefer," he added, "that my own three daughters meet the literature of the world in my library rather than behind a neighbour's barn. And the word 'obscene' can no longer stand alone, lighted up only by a vague and mystic sense of impurity." Concluding a 20,000-word judgment, he held that the books before him were "obvious efforts to show life as it is."

Three things are wrong. It is unwise to expect even the ablest judicial bench to combine literary judgment with the arbitrary delineation of contemporary morals. It is chaotic to enforce obscenity laws in some districts and not in others. And it is unfair to compile, as we do in this country, an official *Index Librorum Expurgatorius* for the secret guidance of the Commissioners of Customs and Excise and the Director of Public Prosecutions. Most people agree in recognising unredeemed muck and will hear of its destruction without a pang. Where there is difficulty, where, for example, it is hard to decide whether pornography has assumed the cloak of medicine or a medical book is being pirated in the guise of pornography, or where it may seem an open question whether a book is to be accounted a genuine literary product or merely smut, surely the reputable publishing community could have its own professional council, whose rejection of a manuscript on grounds of obscenity, though not legally decisive, should in general be the basis of all prosecutions? Approval by the council could then be regarded, *prima facie*, as a good defence if proceedings were taken in spite of it.

C. H. ROLPH.

An Outing to Struthof

ST. Odile, with its solemn prospect of the Strasbourg plain would, we knew, be crowded with charabancs, and with sightseers eating sausage in the convent grounds. Hohwald on August Sundays was cluttered with members of the Consultative Assembly. So, as we left the damp heat of the city, we turned right towards Schirmeck and the unfashionable roads leading into the Vosges. Lunch at the Donon was balmy for tired eaters—a *truite au bleu* with cream sauce, a *poulet de la Wantzenau* with Riesling, and a *vacherin*. At about three-thirty I asked the serving-woman the way to Struthof. She waved towards the blueish hills. "Struthof," said my pre-war Guide, "is a favourite resort both in summer and winter. In summer it is notable for its views and promenades. In winter it attracts ski-runners from every part of Europe." We pointed our car up the narrow road till we came to a crudely marked, wooden sign-post, then slowly climbed a rubbly track behind three charabanc-loads of trippers. Now the scene became more desolate; only here and there could we see a cottage with logs piled high for the winter. The mountain-tops seemed even calmer, the clearings more placid, than seen from the village. "Struthof," said the Guide, "is regarded by some as having the most beautiful situation in the Vosges. In summer it recalls the words of Goethe when he came and lived in Strasbourg: '*In allen Gipfeln ist Ruh*'."

At the edge of the forest a notice was nailed to a tree. "Struthof," it said, "Zone of Silence. Be silent in memory of our martyred dead." And there, bursting into sight among the peaceful mountains, were the barrack-rows, lines and lines of them, surrounded by barbed wire and the wooden eyries of the guards—the quiet barrack-rows of the former Struthof concentration-camp, empty, intact, like a disused film set, or a wax-works. Outside the double barbed-wire gates, a crowd of trippers had already gathered, restlessly waiting to get into the camp. Most of them were in family parties; fathers held their children by the hand; mothers held babies in their arms. It was a very fine day, and the air of Struthof in August is clear and stimulating. The children wanted to play, and couldn't understand why their parents spoke in whispers. We put our car in the official car park overlooking the huts; our credentials were examined by the warden, a former inmate of the camp who is now supervising it for the Ministry of National Education; we paid our entrance fee, and began the tour towards the well-scrubbed, disinfected huts, which had once stunk with the terror and death of tens of thousands of men. We walked down the terraces to the wooden gallows. With its short drop it looked like a toy. The warden demonstrated how it worked. Deftly he put the two halves of the base into position. All executions, he explained as he worked, were public. The hangmen were privileged prisoners. "The hanging was done by a foot-lever. So!" he said, and the spring under the base contracted with a clang, while the two halves fell inwards. A short drop means a long hanging.

It's no use feeling sick when you're touring a former concentration camp. There's no time to vomit when you are being hurried from one relic of horror to the next. A barrack room is kept with its wooden bunks as they were when the Nazis were there. Tier upon tier where men slept, crushed and stifled. And boots. In every barrack room, pathetic discarded boots, a few working clogs, and some remnants of hair from shaven prisoners. The Nazis never wasted anything. Norwegians, Belgians, Dutch, French, Poles, Russians, Jews and Gypsies—they all were enrolled at Struthof to labour, to die and to provide the by-products of organic chemistry. The dissecting-room has been preserved as it was, in the punishment block. You can look at it, but you mustn't touch. The wardens have had to bar it off with two cross-boards because tourists kept chipping off the white tiles from the operating table as souvenirs. Next to the dissecting room is the special chamber fitted with bunks for the vivisection prisoners. They were given plenty of room, comparatively, because this part of the camp was always a place for sightseers ; professors from Strasbourg University used to come to study the experiments in human vivisection. The punishment-block is full of quaint surprises. Opposite the cells, almost at touching distance, are administrative offices. And tucked away between the cells are neat little sub-cells, about three foot six by two foot six, where special prisoners were kept in the dark for twenty-four hour stretches. The warden demonstrated how the prisoners had to crouch. He looked like a fœtus in a womb.

His show-piece was the crematorium. The prisoners, he explained, were exterminated chiefly by labour in the quarries, hunger, torturing punishments, murder by the guards and the camp trusties. In their thin uniforms, toiling in the bitter cold and winds of autumn and winter, beaten and starved, they sickened and died in thousands. The furnaces at Struthof never stopped burning. Day and night, the prisoners went " up the chimney." The stronger men, chosen for torture and death, were douched alternately with scalding and freezing water, then forced to do exercises to music, stripped to the waist in the open air. The warden displayed the showers. He trundled up a bier for our inspection. The French families examined it. We saw the carefully stacked, brick-red cremation pots in which the Nazis in their humaner days used to sell the ashes of their victims. We saw the ponderous hook that hauled the bodies into the incinerator.

It was very interesting, but I'd had enough, and wanted to get away from the warden's patter. I stood near the door of the crematorium, and looked outwards into the cool air, the deep forest and the huge pine cross over the mass grave. The warden had to tell the whole story. He opened the twin doors of the furnace, took down a blackened steel rod that looked like a croupier's shovel, and showed how the bodies were pushed over the rollers. The French families were silent, and absorbed in his explanation " Now," said the warden to me, " put your head here in the entrance to the furnace, and I'll show you how it opens at the other end." I put my head in the furnace and tried not to breathe. The warden tugged with his rod at the heavy doors ; they opened evenly and the light came streaming over the grey ashes and the encrusted sides. At the other end, her face lit with sunlight and happiness at the game, a little French girl—perhaps five or six—grinned at me across the grimy rollers.

MAURICE EDELMAN

So They Say . . .

" IN diplomatic quarters in Tokyo," began Lord Kemsley's *Sunday Times* main news story last weekend, " it is stated that Britain and the United States will call for a United Nations vote to permit them to bomb Manchurian bases if the Chinese continue to oppose the forces in Korea."

Two days previously the New York *Herald-Tribune* had also made up its mind : " The Peking Communist regime has levied deliberate (and surreptitious) war against the forces of the United Nations . . . [Britain] must be compelled to reconsider [recognition] . . . MacArthur's forces must be authorised immediately to attack troops bases and airfields . . . wherever they may be located."

The *Sunday Times* story was flatly denied on Monday, as far as the British Government was concerned, by none other than brother Lord Camrose's *Daily Telegraph*, while *The Times* Washington correspondent characterised the *Herald-Tribune* editorial as " hysterical." But it is worth while following MacArthur's recent career in the press.

At first it was " roses, roses all the way." The *Manchester Guardian* was alone in raising a doubting voice when MacArthur was appointed U.N. commander. Thereafter the popular press, with the exception of a vitriolic attack in the *Sunday Pictorial*, helped foster his reputation as an invincible figure.

After the " victory " in Korea, there were some doubts in the British press over MacArthur's support for Syngman Rhee, and, particularly in *The Times* and the *News Chronicle*, over his clash with Truman. The *Observer* strongly criticised MacArthur's "usual lack of political judgment " and " insubordination," pointing out that he was not " an independent potentate."

It was MacArthur's reaction last week to Chinese intervention which caused the first seriously critical comment. " This possibility was always present once the 38th Parallel was crossed. Was it sufficiently reckoned with by General MacArthur ? " asked the *Manchester Guardian* bluntly. *The Times*, from Washington, pointed out that Chinese anxieties had been long familiar, and suggested " more than an accident of timing in the release of MacArthur's report and to-day's elections." A. J. Cummings, in the *News Chronicle*, shrewdly perceived " an element of mystery in the operation of the Chinese mind," because they did not attack three months ago, but waited until MacArthur was at their frontier before intervening !

With the *Herald-Tribune* Washington columnist last Thursday flatly stating that " the United Nations is at war with Communist China," the *Daily Express* seemed apprehensive lest the election results meant " a vindication for the unconcealed and decided views of General MacArthur," while the *Daily Mail* also discovered that MacArthur's desire to bomb Manchuria could lead to world war.

Both *The Times* and the *News Chronicle* suggested getting the Chinese round a table first, and by last Sunday the *Observer* had got to the stage of saying that " the West can have no interest in war with China—even with a guilty China."

In fact, MacArthur's Progress is summed up in the *Sunday Pictorial* comment that the real American election issue was " Acheson *versus* MacArthur, negotiation from strength *versus* preventive war," and that the " real victors " were MacArthur and McCarthy, " whose policy is as similar as their names."

AUTOLYCUS

Tribute to Shaw

THE first time I saw Shaw was in 1913 in the Examination Schools at Oxford, where he was lecturing on *The Origins of the Drama*. Shaw was at the height of the first phase of his fame, and the Schools were packed by the audience of dons and undergraduates who had crowded to do him honour. As the great man strode down the hall, every hair of his beard (still red) bristling with vitality, the Schools shook to volleys of applause and I, perched high on a window ledge, shivered to a thrill of pure hero-worship such as I have felt for no other man.

Shaw, I have always felt, was the peculiar pride and possession of my generation, the generation that came to maturity in the years before the first World War. He did two things for us. First, he liberated us from Victorianism. The world in which we grew up was like an over-furnished room cluttered with the lay figures of Victorian convention and respectability. Through the ribs of these figures Shaw (and Wells) passed the rapier of his wit, let out a trickle of bran and sawdust and, behold, they were there no more. The Dead March in the *Eroica* Symphony goes on for a very long time. The music grows gloomier, the pace slower, as one by one the lights of hope and zest and joy go out, so that by the end of the movement one is feeling very low indeed. Into this atmosphere of oppressive gloom there breaks the dancing measure of the Scherzo and in an instant all is changed. It is exactly as if a pretty housemaid had come tripping into a long-shut-up room, heavy with hangings and shrouded in dust sheets. She opens the window, flings back the shutters and lets in the air and the sweet, fresh smells of spring. It was precisely with that effect of liberation that Shaw burst into the chamber of late Victorian conventions. He opened the doors of our minds and let in light and air.

That was the negative effect. The positive was to make us Socialists. That was the first, fresh springtime of Fabian Socialism, and everything seemed possible as we marched in procession to the Promised Land—it was, we believed, just round the corner—with Shaw and the Webbs and Wells (albeit slightly out of step) in the van. For my generation, then, Shaw has never been just a playwright, though I enjoy his plays more than those of any other man ; indeed, for me he was not even primarily a playwright, for hard on the heels of the liberator and the Socialist came the philosopher.

Shaw's contribution to philosophy has never received adequate recognition. Creative Evolution was in the climate of the time—it was the final flicker of Victorian optimism about man and his universe—and Bergson's and Alexander's versions of it might be regarded as the official philosophy of the age. But Shaw's variant, a Life Force expressing itself in matter and evolving living organisms in pursuance of its own (initially) unconscious purpose, was all his own. Whatever view we may take of this philosophy, we cannot but see in it the natural, the perfect expression of Shaw's own temperament. It is a philosophy of optimism, calling men to effort and endeavour in furtherance of the evolutionary process. For though the Life Force imbues us with its own purpose, it has no other brains to work with than those which it has painfully and imperfectly evolved in our heads. It is for us to use these brains if we will ; for in the last resort man is neither the plaything of destiny nor the sport of chance, nor is he a mere puppet twitched into love and war by an invisible showman, the Life Force, that pulls the strings. Emphatically

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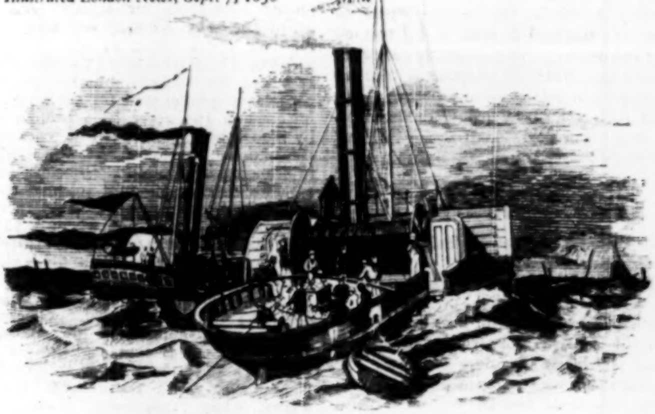

The first small thread

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he is not determined by matter, for life is not matter's by-product but its inspirer and its master—" I brought life into the whirlpool of force," says Lilith at the end of *Back to Methuselah*, " and compelled my enemy, matter, to obey a living soul "—and man is the master of his fate to the extent that if he dares he can do what he wills, live to a thousand years, get rid of his body altogether, even acquire wisdom.

But if he is to be master of his fate, he must be up and doing. Hence the practical upshot of Shaw's teaching is a life of busy effort and endeavour, is, in fact, a life like Shaw's own, for " the only way to avoid being miserable is not to have enough leisure to wonder whether you are happy or not."

Herein lies the secret of the immense exhilaration induced by contact with Shaw's work, the sense that he always contrives to give you that anything is worth attempting, since anything may be brought off and that the cardinal sins are sloth and discouragement. This effect of exhilaration persisted, for me, to the end. I can remember, as a man well over fifty, going at a time of acute personal distress to see a performance of *You Never Can Tell.* During the first act my mood of numb depression withstood Shaw; then, with the appearance of William and the luncheon party on the terrace, cheerfulness began to break in; in the last act I was laughing out loud with happy amusement. I came away with the courage to face the world anew. This that Shaw did for me is a great thing for one man to do for another.

I do not think that he would have been impressed by the gammon and gush that have greeted his death—the awed accents, the portentous paragraphs. I find it hard to resist the temptation of quoting Trefusis's reception of the news of his wife's death in *An Unsocial Socialist :* " What have I to complain of ? She had a warm room and a luxurious bed to die in, with the best medical advice in the world. Plenty of people are starving and freezing to-day that we may have the means to die fashionably ; ask *them* if they have any cause for complaint." For my part, I am content to use his own phrase, " You can't lose such a man by his death, but only by your own. Till then, let us rejoice in him." It could not be put better. C. E. M. JOAD

G.B.S. IN HEAVEN

Who that knew Shaw's tireless zest
Credits his " eternal rest "?
If there's Heaven beyond our sky,
A lazy Shaw is all my eye.
Angels fair, your peaceful lives
Will not last when he arrives.
Wings and harps and songs of praise
He will damn with pungent phrase ;
Idlers on a cloud who sit
Will be shamed with biting wit ;
He'll, for mansions pearl-bedecked,
Chaff the heavenly architect ;
He will kick the tender shins
Of angels who record our sins,
And insist their dreadful book
Be revised, by hook or crook,
With a preface to express
The contempt of G.B.S.
He may even at the Throne
Cast the contumelious stone.
Wigs, in short, will strew the floor,
Heaven be Paradise no more,
But a place on progress bent,
Loud with Shavian argument . . .
This, unless to break the spell,
Shaw is sent to stir up Hell.

ALLAN M. LAING

The Arts and Entertainment

SIBELIUS AND CARL NIELSEN

A SMALL mystery that has long puzzled the admirers of Sibelius was cleared up a few nights ago by the obliging Third Programme. It concerns the composer's Opus 22, which consists of Four Legends from the Finnish national epic, *Kalevala.* Nos. 3 and 4 are familiar: that haunting, mysterious piece, *The Swan of Tuonela*, in which his originality first became fully manifest; and the impulsive, headlong and brilliantly effective finale, *The Return of Lemminkäinen.* But what of Nos. 1 and 2 ? Their titles we have long known—*Lemminkäinen and the Maidens* and *Lemminkäinen in Tuonela* ; but the composer has allowed them to remain in manuscript.

Last Saturday we heard, under Basil Cameron, the whole suite played in the correct order (which, by the way, places *The Swan* second, although it is published as " No. 3 "). It was an interesting experience, but it enabled us to see why Sibelius was content that they should drop out of the repertory. There are plenty of memorable ideas, such as the idyllic opening of *Lemminkäinen and the Maidens* and the strong, rhythmic pulse over an E flat pedal which I imagine to represent the arrival of the young hero ; in *Lemminkäinen in Tuonela* we find characteristic string tremolando sequences which are already distantly prophetic of the awful immensities of *Tapiola.* But neither piece fulfils its initial promise ; both last for a good quarter of an hour (longer than either of the two published Legends) and are correspondingly diffuse. They lose their way, perhaps in an attempt to follow a too eventful programme ; at any rate, there are sudden stops and re-starts inexplicable on purely musical grounds.

The mysterious landscapes and romantic cosmogony of the *Kalevala* have continued to inspire Sibelius for the rest of his creative life, never more potently than in the still too little-known tone-poem for soprano and orchestra called *Luonnotar.* But he was wise to drop the *Kalevala* opera which he once meditated, and to which *The Swan* was to have been the prelude. It is not that he lacks dramatic sense, or is incapable of writing well for the voice. But his imagination has never been profoundly stirred by human beings, of whom he tends to take the conventional, " heroic " view which we also find in Scandinavian sculpture. Sibelius is essentially a Nature mystic ; his most splendid and characteristic landscapes are landscapes without figures.

I seem to have read somewhere, or to have been told, that he is apt to wave aside discussion of his own symphonies by a reference to his great Danish contemporary. " Why don't you play Nielsen ? His symphonies are much better than mine." The story may be apocryphal, but one can see why Sibelius might admire the work of Carl Nielsen (1865-1931). It is akin, and yet not too much alike ; in a sense, the two men are complementary. Nielsen also was a Nature poet ; but his landscapes, while recognisably Nordic, are quite different from those of Sibelius. They are neither forbidding nor untenanted, but hospitable and nourishing to the human spirit. Until late in his life, his music was permeated by a sense of quiet happiness. Because he avoided chromatic harmony and any kind of impressionism, critics outside Denmark, basing their views on a few isolated early compositions, have tended to write him off as a neo-Brahmsian ; but in fact he was advancing along a steady and stubborn path of his own, the milestones of which are the last five of his six symphonies. By the time he reached his Fifth, Opus 50 (1922), his harmonic idiom, orchestration and structure, though never repellent or obscure, had quite parted company with traditional practice. It is not surprising that this extraordinary work should have made a deep impression at this year's Edinburgh Festival, where it was played by the Danish Radio Orchestra under Erik Tuxen ; and it is good news that the symphony has now been recorded by the same artists. It can be obtained, " to special order," on five H.M.V. records (Z 7022-6) ; though several other important works are also available on the gramophone, I strongly recommend these records to anyone who wishes to come to grips with Nielsen at his greatest.

The Fifth Symphony consists of two movements only. The pastoral opening of the first movement is as large and calm as anything in modern symphonic literature ; *ostinato* figures, as is the way with Nielsen, continue for enormous stretches of time, but so curiously worked and so clearly and beautifully orchestrated that our interest never flags. Then comes a startling interruption. A side-drum marches across the landscape, so to speak, beating out an insistent rhythm which contradicts all that has gone before and contaminates the scene with its violence. As with a similar passage in the slow movement of Vaughan Williams's Sixth, one cannot help suspecting the presence of some concealed programme, though the music makes ample sense on its own account. To three of his other symphonies Nielsen gave vaguely programmatic titles ; on the other hand, he developed in later years a kind of obsession with the side-drum, which is similarly used in his Sixth Symphony and plays an even larger role in the Clarinet Concerto, Opus 57. Whether these strange passages have some connection in the composer's mind with the First World War (by which, though a neutral, he was deeply disturbed), or whether they look backward to boyhood experiences as a regimental bandsman, I have no idea. Perhaps if his two books, *My Childhood in Funen* and *Living Music*, were translated, we should understand more of his singularly attractive personality.

A slighter work, which is nevertheless full of his characteristic flavour, is the *Serenata invano*, which has also been recorded (HMV DB 5204). This whimsical piece was written, I believe, for a small group of instrumentalists whom Nielsen encountered during a holiday in his beloved birth-place, the Island of Funen : clarinet, bassoon, horn, cello and double-bass. The writing for each of these instruments is exquisitely affectionate ; the themes are at the same time poetic and faintly comic ; the listener thinks he can guess what is coming, but nothing turns out quite as he expected. At last the little band seems to pack up and march away in humorous resignation. Arcadian and yet modern, the music is enveloped in a golden haze of friendship and good humour. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

IT must be admitted that not all our hopes for radio have been fulfilled. It would, we believed among other things, bring into our sitting-rooms the life of the world outside these islands at the actual moment of living. It would open windows on unfamiliar scenes—but some of the windows have remained obstinately shut through no fault of the B.B.C.'s, others are anything but translucent, some are coloured and distort. With even the best of programmes on other lands, for instance Miss Banks's and Mr. Ward's recorded tours of Western Europe, there is always the lurking suspicion that one is, in the gentlest possible manner, being got at, that the real interest is not in the picture of life in Genoa or Grenoble but in the effects of Marshall Aid. We are, it is difficult not to think, being sold something.

Consequently the first great virtue of *Caribbean Journey*, the four programmes of which have just ended, was that no one was trying to sell us anything. Mr. Cottrell and Mr. Vaughan Thomas had simply been to the West Indies with their recording gear and had come back to tell us what life there was like. Their programmes were reporting without *arrière pensée*, their interests those of the intelligent tourist ; and the tourist's shock of pleasure at the thing seen for the first time and for its own sake was admirably translated for us in Mr. Cottrell's recordings and Mr. Vaughan Thomas's on-the-spot impressions. These programmes were packed with the kind of information one wanted, on the historical background (but never too much of it), the conflict and cross-currents of politics and race, the people's daily lives, amusements and preoccupations, their songs and their speech ; above all, they created the illusion of life caught while being lived.

There are times when it seems pretty clear that the Third Programme does not know what it is doing, when, quite plainly, the questions "What is the point of this programme ? Whom is it intended for ?" have not been answered even if they have been asked. Mr. Dennis Cannan's *The Moth and the Star* was a recent instance. It was presented, not as a radio play or as a feature, but as a "dramatic script," a phrase very convenient for begging awkward questions. An account, based on *Liber Amoris*, of Hazlitt's infatuation with Sarah Walker, it was skilfully written, and provided an excellent vehicle for Mr. Eric Portman's talents as an actor. But what, as entertainment, was the point ? What could it have meant to a listener for whom Hazlitt was only a name ? It must have been, it seems to me, nothing more than the record of an infatuation without a context. The interest, in other words, lay entirely in one's knowledge of and interest in Hazlitt ; but Hazlitt himself, as a character created by a dramatist and not merely the sum-total of one's memories of the man and his work, was not there. To have been given meaning, the piece would have had to be written as a play, as a considered study in character ; by declining to do this, by writing a "dramatic script," Mr. Cannan shirked all the issues that attend biographical drama. A writer may reasonably expect his audience to do something towards the completion of his work ; he cannot expect it to do four-fifths of the work itself.

Mr. Christopher Sykes's *Civis Britannus*, a reconstruction of the Don Pacifico case, failed either because the author had lost his way or because he had never decided exactly what he wanted to do. At any rate, half way through the script went wrong, and by the time we'd reached the debates in the House of Commons we were right in the thick of that kind of feature one had hoped Miss Grenfell's and Mr. Potter's satire in *How to Listen* had killed stone dead. But there we were : thinking aloud with Palmerston, hob-nobbing with Peel, Gladstone and Disraeli. "Look my dear : who is that fascinating man with the gorgeous beard ?" "Don't you know, darling ? That's Mr. John Bright. And they say his chin was quite quite bald till he rubbed it twice a day with Blotto." Historical features in the Third really mustn't suggest that kind of thing.

WILLIAM SALTER

BALLET

It was Markova as much as anybody who made it possible for English ballet to exist. These days this fact is too often forgotten. Markova it was who helped to pollinate the young Sadler's Wells with the Russian tradition brought from the Diaghileff company ; Markova who made an English revival of the great classical ballets worth while, and popularised them ; Markova who was an inspiration and an incalculable help to the young choreographers who created ballets for her, to Ashton for instance, and to the young dancers who worked with her. (One need look no further than Margot Fonteyn for an example of her influence.) Her tradition continues. So much so that foreign dancers complain of its tyranny. Furthermore Markova and Dolin were virtually the first British dancers to win international fame—fame which in Dolin's case, began more than a quarter of a century ago. But who seeing this pair for the first time last year was able to believe all this ? Admittedly they were playing suburban cinemas and their audiences were huge and what is called popular, but was there any call to play down to them so much ? However there is no need to worry any longer. At the Stoll both Markova and Dolin dance again with revivified artistry.

Markova may have decorated the part of Giselle with more technical virtuosity in the past, but I doubt whether she has ever given a more beautifully modulated or more finished performance of it than she does now. Certainly no ballerina to-day can approach it. She turns the trite drama of the first act into an unusually moving experience by building up her effects of pathos with infinite touches of detail. Her love, her youthful gaiety, her madness and death, her changes from the lyrical to the dramatic, all are convincingly acted and at the same time marvellously danced. This is a rendering that Markova has worked on through the years with patience and above all intelligence. In the second act she never allows her superb technique to obtrude. However complicated the steps, she always seems to hover with a supernatural lightness. If only Myrtha, Queen of the Wilis, could look as intangible, for she has somehow to suggest her origins as a cloud of vapour. Krassovska was all too clearly flesh and blood.

Meanwhile Anton Dolin gave a telling demonstration of all that he has enunciated in his recent book, *Pas de deux, the Art of Partnering* (*A. & C. Black* 8*s*. 6*d*.). These illuminating pages are the testament of one of the greatest partners of our time—great because he is as self-effacing as he is sure—but do not be misled by his apparent modesty. Dolin shows to greater advantage as Albrecht than as the Nutcracker Prince in *Casse Noisette*, the other big classical work this company is giving. This is not a very successful production. Markova and Dolin have for years given the second act as a *divertissement* ; now we have the first act as well except that they have dispensed with the toy soldiers and the mice. Why ? Apart from enlivening the dull first act, their battle is the *raison d'être* of Hoffman's Freudian fairy tale, *Nussknacker und Mausekönig*, which is otherwise pointless. But it would be wise to make sure before going that Markova *is* dancing. The night I saw *Casse Noisette* she was not, else I might have enjoyed it more. For all the noble support of Massine, John Gilpin and Natalie Krassovska (at her best as the spirited Street Dancer in *Beau Danube*), the company is not strong enough to stand the absence of its *prima ballerina*.

Meanwhile the Ballet Rambert have enlarged their repertory with two new ballets, *The Eve of Saint Agnes* and *Prismatic Variations*, by David Paltenghi, hitherto untried as a choreographer. It was not an altogether bad idea of his to do a ballet after Keats's poem. Windy histrionics are in vogue, while the mock medieval background is everything that young choreographers these days seem to want. Yet the result is a mess. Paltenghi interprets the deliquescent rhythms of the poem in steps that are for the most part crisply classical, a little reminiscent of Balanchine's work. Roger Furse's set consists of a series of prefabricated units, vaguely Piper-Gothic in feeling. This may have looked like an ingenious idea when it was a cardboard model, but on the stage it conveys nothing, certainly none of the cloying Pre-Raphaelite atmosphere which pervades the poem ; while the use of dancers as scene-shifters is a messy habit I deplore. Even the music, a hotchpotch of piano and organ pieces by César Franck, orchestrated by Geoffrey Corbett, is out of keeping. An odder choice on Paltenghi's part is Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations* for *Prismatic Variations*. Here the choreographer has set himself an impossible task, for this music is quite undanceable. Many of Paltenghi's ideas are ingenious, but he has not yet found the right idiom for expressing them. As usual the members of this company give their choreographer admirable backing, but they appear to be happier in Walter Gore's feverish melodrama, *Antonia*.

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THE MOVIES

"All Quiet on the Western Front," and "Tilly's Punctured Romance," at the Academy
"Monkey Business" at the Everyman
"The Mudlark," at the Odeon

All Quiet on the Western Front was a landmark in its way. It introduced the pacifist Thirties, as *The Shape of Things to Come*—and the things themselves—were to bring them to a close. No other films, I should say, affected popular feeling as did these two between wars, the one a passionate muck-raking, the other a grim warning tailing off into moonshine. As a piece of film-making *All Quiet on the Western Front* was, of course, considerably the more handsome. Its pity was genuine, its ironies and indignations roused, and in the battle-scenes Milestone employed a sweeping realism that had never before brought war—the war that inscribes a long list of names on every village memorial—quite so close. One movement of the camera impressed itself unforgettably. An attack has started. The enemy are seen and heard distantly. They come nearer, shouting, running, but so slowly that we have time, surveying with the gunner's eye from left to right, to take them in as individuals. In frightful silence they approach even nearer. Then—each figure being now almost on top of us—the leisurely panorama from left to right begins again, but this time to the machine-gun's tune, and one by one, without hurry, the attackers crumple and fall. But, as usual in war, triumph is succeeded by irony. A counter-attack follows: the machine-guns now are in the enemy trench, pointing not away but towards. A bit of trench is at terrible cost captured, a retreat ordered. It has all been for nothing.

Besides bringing to us this sequence of feelings with all the impact of which the cinema is capable, *All Quiet on the Western Front* also expresses the sense of separation in the soldier of those days and in the hero's death at the end a touch of poetry. Its ironies aren't overstated, though sometimes perhaps its hysterias are. So far as there is a truth about war—and especially about one particular war—this, we are made to feel, is it. In outline the film is a masterpiece; it falls short in detail because its realism is compromised from the start. The situation and the characters are German, the presentation purely American. This made, I remember, for a certain uneasy warmth at the time—since to step into ex-enemy shoes implied an act of sympathy—but to-day the hybrid can't be disguised. Nevertheless, the film wears considerably better than I had expected, and, taken all in all, is honest, with some moments of magnificent cinema. In the same programme will be found a Chaplin of 1914. *Tilly's Punctured Romance* is all wooing for cash, swing doors in restaurants, bustle kicks, tangoing at soirées, cops falling off piers; it has an immature Marie Dressler of about forty, lasts as many minutes, and is most of the time uproarious.

The main item on the Everyman bill is *Monkey Business*: the last of a Marx Brothers season that will have run several months. If Chaplin—even early Chaplin—is the angel, a Marx brother is the ape, in our midst. He introduces stillness, they disturb. There were still four of them when this film was made about stowaways in a liner, and three of them go through some of their best tricks, especially Groucho with prowl and patter, and Harpo's surrealist adventures with Punch and Judy. Some of their notes tend to miss, I find, after a time, but the breakneck method still leaves us breathless.

The Mudlark is a pretty enough fantasy about a mudlark who intrudes on the "Widow of Windsor," and would have been a good deal prettier if it hadn't slid off into sententiousness. However, Royalty and Politics bring us Mr. Alec Guinness as Disraeli—a reward in itself—and the little palace-breaker has real Cockney charm.

William Whitebait

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Correspondence

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Sir,—When the television performance of a somewhat empty-headed political farce was recently cancelled coincidentally with a feather-pated demand for its banning by a daily newspaper there was quite properly a public outcry and the matter was raised in both Houses of Parliament.

May we assume that Lord Hailsham and others will similarly raise the question of the circumstances surrounding the banning of an article on the Korean War in *Picture Post* and the dismissal of the Editor, Mr. Tom Hopkinson, to which you refer in your last issue?

It may be said the two cases are not comparable. The B.B.C. is a public corporation. *Picture Post* is the possession of a private owner, and rich newspaper owners have a natural right to do as they please—even if what pleases them is to behave as a petty dictator. But is this distinction valid?

Mr. Hopkinson, it appears, was summarily dismissed because, having undertaken to provide his readers with an honest and objective account of the fighting in Korea, he proposed to publish an article from the distinguished staff correspondent he had sent to the front describing atrocities committed by South Koreans and urging the United Nations to take action on them. He, in fact, postponed publication until his correspondent's return in order to check with him the authenticity of the report, on which he fully satisfied himself—and which is not, indeed, challenged by anyone. Mr. Hulton ordered the article to be withdrawn. Mr. Hopkinson refused to obey an order which he regarded as contrary to professional good conduct, and was for this reason dismissed from the post he had held with distinction for ten years.

It is instructive to reflect what would have followed if Mr. Hopkinson, instead of being a journalist, had been, shall we say, a solicitor, a doctor or a chartered accountant dismissed for refusing to obey an order contrary to the obligations of public duty imposed upon him by his profession. Journalism being what it is, however, Mr. Hulton had no reason to anticipate any difficulty in filling within a matter of hours, or even minutes, the chair from which he had just kicked Mr. Hopkinson for having the courage to hold fast by what he clearly considered the ethics of his profession.

This, it may be said, is a situation on which journalists themselves would do well to ponder, but not one which can properly concern Parliament. But there is the public interest to take into account. It was to meet exactly such a situation as this that the Royal Commission on the Press, after hearing evidence from both proprietors and journalists, to show that it was the general desire that the Press, while based on commercial ownership, should be conducted as a public service, recommended to Parliament the establishment of a Press Council. That was eighteen months ago. It would be improper to suggest how such a Council would have judged between the conceptions of public duty and professional good conduct held by Mr. Hulton and Mr. Hopkinson respectively—although one can hazard a guess. But at least its existence would have given Mr. Hopkinson an authoritative body to which to turn for guidance. And it might even have persuaded Mr. Hulton to pause before falling so far below the opinion of him previously held by his friends. May we in view of this brutally clear confirmation of the correctness of the Royal Commission's view of the need for such a Council expect Parliament to ask when it is to be set up?

There is one further aspect of the matter which neither Parliament nor public opinion—or indeed the Press itself—ought to overlook. This is the effect upon informed opinion abroad. As you are aware, the United Nations some time ago set up a Sub-Commission on Freedom of Information and the Press to consider political, economic and other barriers to the free flow of information and to the development of high professional standards among those whose duty it is to deal with news in any capacity. I was invited to serve as the British member of this Sub-Commission which is at present considering evidence and will later report to the Commission on Human Rights and to the Assembly.

In view of this clear example of the economic risk which a British editor can run if he seeks to provide an honest report on a matter of great public importance to his readers I shall no doubt be asked by the representatives of other member States—and not from Iron Curtain countries alone—how far Mr. Hulton's attitude is to be regarded as characteristic in the British newspaper system and how far journalists, public and Parliament regard the dismissal of an editor in such circumstances, and for such reasons, with equanimity.

I shall be grateful for any guidance you or your readers can give me. Francis Williams

42 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

THE AMERICAN LABOUR PARTY

Sir,—As one who lives in the "rat-infested slums" of East Harlem amongst the "submerged lumps of European immigrants," described in your issue of October 28th, I protest, albeit wearily by now, at your correspondent's smearing of Marcantonio and the A.L.P. as Communist.

Marc has never been, is not now, and is most unlikely to become, a member of the Communist Party. He was beaten chiefly because he didn't have the money Donovan had and because he refused to sacrifice radical principles. Moreover it is untrue to state, as your correspondent did, that "to-day the A.L.P. is little more than an echo of the Communists." The A.L.P. has a long and fine record, and a statement such as that above is no less than a vicious libel of men like Dubois, whose independence of thought and attitude in this country, as it is just now, is little short of heroic. Marc himself was behind F.D.R. on every important issue and, amongst other Bills, he was the author of the Anti-Poll Tax Bill. He and the A.L.P. have campaigned in areas like East Harlem, where much of the populace live in conditions approaching despair, for it is here that social purpose in America exists as yet undrained into the societal *mores* of the ruling *Herrenvolk*. Nor have the A.L.P. exploited this social purpose cynically for immediate ends like the Communist Party, but have tried to use it to implement their aims for a bit of human decency here and for an expression of corporate society. We in Harlem do not see our ideals entirely in terms of the White culture as yet, though there is pressure on us, by papers like *Ebony*, *Tan* and so on, to do so.

Marc had little to gain in his long and lone fight in Congress, for the A.L.P. was never likely to become a national force. He was a hard-headed man who was yet sensitive to the aspirations of Socialism beyond the mere provision of bread and butter. Above all, he saw the Tweedledum-Tweedledee differences of Democrat and Republican and was totally opposed to that kind of utopian Socialism which, as I understood him, Wallace represented and which your correspondent ascribes to him. Marc was the last in a great tradition in America, and his going makes life for us in Harlem harder. Now they have fastened their dogs on his throat and dragged him down at last; and they will kick him hard. But Marc will always command the respect of working people, and consequently he will always remain dangerous to the *ancien régime*.

Geoffrey Wagner

New York, N.Y.

COMMUNIST TRAP

Sir,—The American public, by increasing the Republican strength in Congress and ousting most of the progressive elements (those who understand the advantages of the Welfare State) has demonstrated its lack of appreciation of the world situation from the European's point of view. By European's point of view one cannot mean so much what French, British, Italian and other statesmen have to say to the press, but what is discussed at the work-bench, in the pub, or over the glass of wine.

It is becoming more obvious than it ever has been before that the one way to defeat the infiltration of the Communist line of thought is by the raising of the living standard, by the increasing of the welfare of the worker; by, in fact, that sort of domestic policy carried in by the British Socialist Government between 1945 and February this year. It is of the utmost importance, too, that Americans understand this.

By following the American line of increased rearmament against the "threat of Communism" the Western Powers are falling, gradually, into a neat Communist trap. The Communists will achieve in Europe without war what America thinks Russia can only achieve with one, and because of the very policy the Western Powers are using to stop it. As more money is spent on arms and armies and less on domestic welfare the seed of the Communist line will grow—through agitation over the cost of living, purchase and other taxes that hit the workingman, and the general "wartime footing" of life and liberty.

As things stand at the moment the future leaves only two courses open. Either we go on getting militarily stronger and economically and domestically weaker, or we have a war. Both courses will turn Europe Communist—the former gradually, the latter quickly and devastatingly.

On that reasoning Russia throws a double six—she can't loose. She has no need to start a war, only to continue provoking the Western Powers into spending millions on rearming.

M. Guy Mollet, the French Socialist, must see the trend, for he said, in a speech to the Anglo-American Press Association in Paris, that the standard of living of the French worker was very low, and it is of little use asking him to defend something that is not there to defend.

John W. Toop Cooper

THE SHEFFIELD CONGRESS

Sir,—Where is the sense in suppressing this Second World Peace Congress or, if you like "Peace" Congress?

Will it not reinforce in the minds of many the Communist tenet of the "dictatorship of the bourgeoisie" whenever those in power are confronted with substantial opposition?

Do these happenings not make a sham of "social-democracy"? Do they not betray great weakness and fear on the part of our Government? Weakness in the protestations of their own, invisible peace policy, and fear that the mass appeal to Peace may be successful from whatever quarter it comes?

Or have we already sunk so low that the wireless message broadcast in one of the Southern States of the U.S., which is not unlikely to go down in history, has an ominous meaning in this country? "When somebody comes to your doorstep and talks peace, hold him and call the police."

4, Queensborough Terrace, W.2. H. E. Rank

SPANISH REFUGEES

Sir,—In your issue of the November 4, the Press Attaché of the French Embassy makes three assertions, which call for some comment.

He repeats the previous French official statements that the deportees were given a choice of destination. It is our information that no such choice was offered. Most of the deportees were arrested while still in bed in the early hours of dawn, and the deportation orders *were already made out and signed*.

He goes on to say: "They live as they please." This is true, but it would be even truer to say they starve as they please. In winter, there is only casual work in Algeria even for local people, and employers are being discouraged by the authorities from employing Spaniards.

Lastly, M. de la Salle states that "a group has been found to engage in subversive activities." Can he produce any evidence of this? If he can, why was such evidence not brought forward in a Court of Law?

Nan Green
International Brigade Association. *Secretary.*

Sir,—In justifying the action of his Government, the Press Attaché seems to have overlooked the facts that among the arrested Spaniards were some who had played a very fine part in the service of his country in the Resistance; that some were totally or partly disabled as a result of their treatment from the enemies of France; that some were women—including Irene Falcon, General Secretary of the Spanish Anti-Fascist Women; and that the entire medical staff of a hospital for Spanish Refugees were arrested and removed from their patients.

D. C. Eggar

17 Primrose Hill Road, N.W.3.

PARTITION

Sir,—Though much of Critic's comment in "Dublin Diary" of November 11 is subjective and prejudiced, he hits one nail squarely when he says that "The Government of the Six Counties is in many ways very bad." This is true, and the facts are well known both here and in the U.S.A.; to do the Northern Ireland régime justice, it never denies nor attempts to answer these unanswerable charges. But what Critic does not develop is that this Government in Northern Ireland is a subordinate Government, and Northern Ireland is part of the United Kingdom, with representatives at Westminster. In the long run the British Government is responsible for the Government of Northern Ireland. The badness of the Government in Northern Ireland is directed against the third of the population that is Nationalist and Catholic, and the aim of this badness is the reduction of this minority by "liquidation"—particularly where the Nationalist element is a majority, as it is in Counties Fermanagh and Tyrone and in Derry City and elsewhere in the border areas.

We in free Ireland would willingly co-operate in the Atlantic Pact were it not that this co-operation in itself justifies the "very bad" Government in the United Kingdom's strategic bridgehead in Ireland. We also note that this bad Government is allegedly maintained in the special interests of a minority of 800,000 souls in a total population of 4¼ million in Ireland, and we believe that it is undemocratic to divide a nation in the interests of "the defence system of Britain" because this minority "prefers to be British" rather than Irish as it is.

Eric Dorman O'Gowan, Brigadier (Ret.).
Bellamont Forest, Cootehill, Co. Cavan.

G. B. S. IN DUBLIN

Sir,—"Critic" who happened to be in Dublin at the time of Shaw's death, appears to be under the impression that the event did not evoke tributes to that great Irishman such as might be expected in his native city. "Even a gathering of professional literary people," he writes, "who were singing and reciting to each other, failed to pay any tribute to Shaw."

In the evening of the day that Shaw died, I took the chair at the annual dinner of the Book Association of Ireland, the guest of honour being Mr. Compton Mackenzie. Before the proceedings started I rose and called for two minutes silence, which was duly observed.

Two of the three Dublin daily papers—one Republican, one Imperialist—carried, not only full-page obituaries, but editorials which, in their admiration of Shaw's genius and achievement, could scarcely have been phrased more warmly.

M. J. MacManus

The Irish Press, Dublin.

THE CASE OF MR. ROTHSTEIN

Sir,—Action was recently taken in the High Court for a Mandamus to require the Chairman of Convocation of the University of London to call a meeting of Convocation, as requisitioned by an appropriate number of members, for the purpose of discussing a resolution relating to the Rothstein case. The court refused to grant the Mandamus on the ground that the matter was appropriate to the Visitor of the University (His Majesty in Council).

The Committee of the University of London Society, which is a non-political society consisting of graduates of all political opinions, considered the position at its last meeting, and passed a resolution dissociating the Society from the action of those of its members who have supported the endeavour to obtain the intervention of Convocation in the case of Mr. Rothstein. They felt that no adequate case of political discrimination had been established such as would justify intervention by Convocation, especially as there were other means available for discussing the matter with the appropriate authorities.

25 Newton Road, Cambridge. V. I. Gaster
Chairman.
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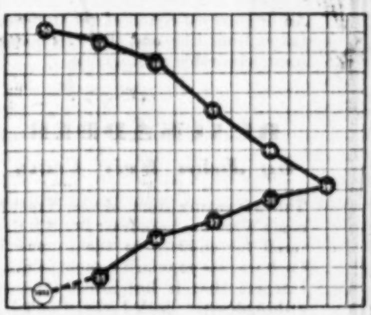

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Autumn Books Supplement

ATLANTIC AWARDS

THREE or four years have gone by since the republication of Rupert Brooke's early Fabian lecture which raised, with the remote lackadaisical petulance of 1911, a question which has since become awkward and urgent: the economic basis of literature in the Socialist State. By levy and taxation the State was to destroy the private capital, income or savings upon which literature has always directly or indirectly depended, and in return was munificently to replace what it had taken away. Five hundred a year (at the prices of 1911!) was going to be paid, at a total cost of two or three millions, to the chosen writers. Blest pair of sirens—Mr. Dalton, already a-steam with politics, was in the chair. I need not comment on that early dream except to say that Rupert Brooke must have been unconsciously prophesying something to do with groundnuts, and not with literature. Writers are terrified of State subsidy, but they have been unable to make two Chancellors move even on the outrageous anomaly of the quixotic incidence of their supertax. It is still possible for the Inland Revenue to sweep down on the earnings of several years' work, as though they were the riotous excess profit of a single year; and the attempt to establish part of an author's royalties as his working capital has been met with knowing laughter.

A writer's financial life resembles a violent fever chart, under which literature lies expiring. If he is established and experienced, an author sees the reward for which he has waited fifteen or twenty years, filched from him; if he is young, he will find that the inflation has taken away that voluntary poverty which the artist has traditionally exchanged for indispensable leisure, and which indeed has been the basis of the intellectual's life in western Europe for centuries. The worsening situation in the last five years of "peace" is seen in the disappearance of almost the last two literary periodicals which sought to publish young writers and to foster new movements—*New Writing* and *Horizon*. It is pointless to say "there are no young writers"; there are no young periodicals to publish them.

One practical thing has been done to deal with the writers crisis. There is now a small number of tax-free awards or scholarships. They have been very successful if we may judge by the distinction since reached by some of those who received them. The more generous the award, the more realistic, even though a young writer may be led to misjudge for a year or two, the hard facts of the literary life. It was with the object of helping the young that perhaps the most widely distributed of these scholarships, the Atlantic Awards, was set up by the Rockefeller Foundation and since the end of the war they have paid out $65,000 in tax-free grants, generally of between £250 and £300. These funds have come to an end. The generosity of Rockefeller cannot be repeated and unless English patrons are found, the scheme will stop. As a hopeful, but perhaps final gesture, the Committee's Secretary, Dr. H. A. Smith, of the University of Birmingham, has issued a luminous and searching report on the work.

The object of the Atlantic Awards was to give a breathing space to young writers of uncommon promise who had come out of the services after the war, a time to find themselves, to learn to write before they were silenced by other employment. The grant was supposed to last them a year; the condition was that they should have no full-time salaried employment, or sufficient independent means; it was hoped that they would complete some piece of work, but the Committee was not troubled if they did not. To some the money seemed a fortune and they saw it mysteriously vanish in three or four months if they had the misfortune to live in London: others managed to spin out the money for 18 months or more. To at least one, the grant, long hoped for, was swallowed up in personal tragedy. In the first year, as is always prophesied by all critics of grants to writers, there was a rush of applicants and this included not only those who confuse a sensibility to literature with the power to write, but the cranks, the hangers-on, and those who had long ago achieved a competence, honourable enough, but unlikely to develop. The Report covers the whole five years of the Committee's work and the number of applicants declined from 400 in the first year to 94 in '47 and 72 in '48. The decline became even more marked afterwards. The total number of awards made is nearly sixty.

Of these some 27 were novelists and short story writers; 17 were poets; and three were dramatists. The absence of criticism was surprising, though it confirms what has often been said of the disastrous effect of unsettled times upon the critical spirit. (I notice that one of the beneficiaries has published a work of criticism since this report was made.) If subsequent publication is made a test of the correctness of the Committee's judgment, 28 of these 50 writers have published one book, and some of them more; others are in the press. Three or four of the names have already become noted for works of independence and distinction. To those who have argued that the subsidising of authors would be an open invitation to the idle or speculative, these figures are the answer. One or two writers who were given money, indeed, sent it back because in the meantime they had succeeded without it; and while it cannot always be proved that the writer who received an Award would not have written somehow or other, in any case, there is plenty of evidence that their work was vastly eased and advanced by it.

It is very difficult to judge the quality and future of a writer. Sheer facility abounds on the journalistic level and often the less promising the writer the more superficially competent he is. The war, also, gave to otherwise uninteresting minds, perhaps, some single vivid experience which they could retell effectively; it would be all they would have to say and the manuscript was a fluke. Equally difficult to judge is what may be called clever, undergraduate writing; some of the best writers have begun by writing very badly with borrowed portentousness. It is hard to spot the right kind of bad writer. As time went by—as Dr. Smith's report says—and the war service condition became less real, the Committee began to feel that a tried writer, with two or three books to his name, was now a more suitable applicant. To-day—indeed in my own opinion, at any time—anyone can write one book. It is the third or fourth book, written when the author is caught in the trap of his profession, that is going to provoke the economic crisis, which may be very damaging to a high imagination. If the Committee were to continue its work, it would select this kind of writer whose need of a temporary freedom from anxiety is urgent, because he is diluting his work, at a critical period, with journalistic or other impeding labours.

At the heart of the matter, as many winners of Awards must have found, the question of being any kind of writer is one of character. While freedom from anxiety must be a benefit, Dr. Smith says:

> Freedom from regular occupation may be the reverse. As Dr. Johnson never tired of pointing out, "The safe and general antidote to sorrow is employment," and to a sensitive mind, prone to *accidie*, self-absorption, and the less profitable forms of introspection, a long period of leisure might merely be a burden.

Indeed a nightmare. But the writer's situation has deteriorated so generally, and for reasons so concrete, that it is useless to say any longer that "literature happens"; the case for the kind of selective treatment this report proposes is unanswerable.

The shocking thing is that now the Rockefeller funds are gone there is no sign of comparable support coming from English sources. A writer like Mr. Somerset Maugham has been wonderfully munificent in providing travelling scholarships and there are other small awards; but the rich companies of the English industrialists, newspaper owners and others, who have made large profits in recent years, have not come forward to emulate the Rockefeller example either on behalf of the Atlantic Awards or any other scheme. The argument seems to be, "There is nothing in it for me." Nor is there any sign of that tax on the classics which has always seemed the logical method of raising funds within the profession for the perpetuation of literature. The modern world in the last decade has made leisure the rarest, the least admired and the most expensive thing on earth; the more expensive leisure becomes, the fewer works of literature we shall have, the fewer works of art of any kind. Literature dies as fast as the writer becomes a wage earner. There will be no Shaw, no Butler, no Lytton Strachey, no E. M. Forster in the future, if the only way of keeping alive is to clock in.

V. S. PRITCHETT

LIFE WITH TOLSTOY

The Tolstoy Home: The Diaries of Tatiana Sukhotin-Tolstoy. Translated by ALEC BROWN. *Harvill Press.* 21*s.*

Tatiana (Tania) Tolstoy, the eldest of the great man's four daughters and the second of his thirteen children, was born in 1864 and is still living. The first entry in her diary, now published for the first time, is dated 11th November, 1878, and begins with the words: "We have two donkeys, we ride them every day"; the last is dated 6th April, 1911, five months after her father's death, and ends with the following words about him: "I often think that neither I nor Tania (her five-year-old daughter) will ever repeat Him or His work. But I do dream of Tania bearing a son who shall continue the great work of his great-grandfather." She wrote in her diary spasmodically, though until the year 1898 the entries are pretty frequent. (Two notebooks containing the diary from June, 1891, to May, 1893, have been lost.) After her marriage to Michael Sukhotin in 1899 entries are far fewer, though it is never made clear in the book whether the diaries are published complete or with omissions. Nearly everyone in the Tolstoy household, and a good many of the "dark people" who were for ever in and out of it, kept diaries from time to time, and, as they were of devastating frankness and frequently lent to or purloined by other members of the family or circle, they often produced those characteristic crises which swept through Yasnaia Poliana like psychological cyclones.

In interest Tania's diaries can rank with those of Tolstoy himself and of the Countess. In reviewing any new book about Tolstoy, one always has to repeat that it is practically impossible to write one about him which is dull or without interest. He was one of the greatest artists and his character was in itself a most intricate work of art which he developed with loving care, in a life of 82 years, into a masterpiece of sublimity and absurdity. He was so instinctively and completely an artist that unconsciously he fashioned his life, and even the lives of those around him, as a superb comedy and a terrible tragedy. And his mind and personality were so strong that he imposed himself foursquare upon everyone with whom he came in contact. In reminiscences great men appear to be protean, changing their characters according to the prejudices, the likes or dislikes, of those who met them. It is remarkable that this is not the case with Tolstoy. It does not matter whether it is Chekhov or Biriukov, Gorky or Goldenweiser who records his doings and sayings, it is always the same Tolstoy, and when they record what he actually said, we hear him and no one else talking. In all the vast mass of diaries, reminiscences, biographies, and other books which have been published about him the interest is always threefold. There is first his extraordinary character; second, the effect of this character upon his magnificent art and absurd philosophy; third, the fantastic drama of his life which centres in his relations with his wife, Sofia Andreievna, and his children.

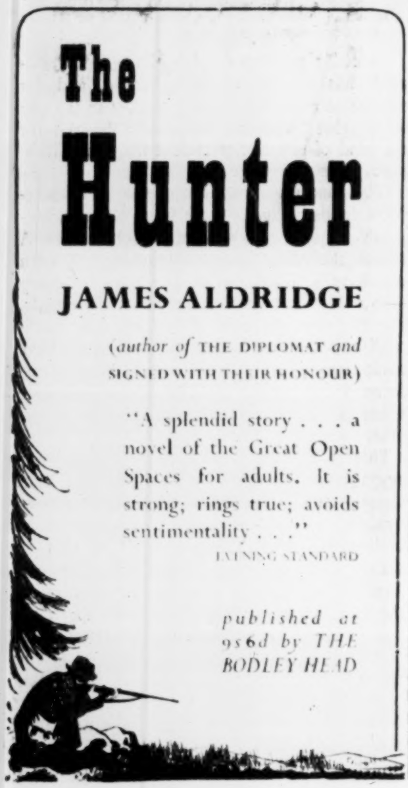
There are no new revelations on any of these three points in Tania's diaries, and this is not surprising, because the material already published is so voluminous and intimate that we have all the facts in great detail. Nevertheless it is a fascinating book. Hitherto we have always seen the Tolstoyan saga implicitly, if not explicitly, through the eyes of the two protagonists, Leo Nikolaievich and Sofia Andreievna. Now we see it, and all the crowded, turbulent life which perpetually ebbed and flowed in Yasnaia Poliana, through the eyes of one of the children. We see the same entrancing picture, but from a fresh angle: a household of thirty people, all keeping diaries, examining their souls, in endless argument, acting plays, shouting with laughter, in quarrels of terrifying violence, making love, and perpetually setting out in immense cavalcades of carriages and horses to picnic in the woods or to gather mushrooms.

These diaries give a lovely picture of a life which itself had great loveliness. They stand on their own feet and not on those of Tolstoy. Tatiana Tolstoy was a young woman of great charm and intelligence. In some ways she was her father's favourite daughter and, like all his daughters, was passionately devoted to him. There is hardly a page in the book which does not acknowledge and show the enormous influence which he had upon her mind, her character, and her views. But her intelligence and independence of mind are so remarkable that, even as a very young woman, she examines him and his views objectively, and in the last resort thinks everything out for herself and goes her own way. The result is a very remarkable character and a very remarkable book. Again and again entries reveal the profundity and beauty of her understanding, and pre-eminently when she records or reflects upon the relations between her father and mother. In the parental conflict she stood on her father's side, and her mother's views and conduct continually roused her disgust, anger, and despair. And yet she never lost for one instant her understanding and sympathy for that tortured and torturing woman. For instance, could understanding and sympathy go further than in her reflections upon one of those terrific struggles between her father and mother over property in which she stood on her father's side? Here is what she writes:

> I ought to say that almost always I am more sorry for her than for Papa in cases like this, though it is terrible and hurts and I am sorry for them both, and it is hard to see why they should suddenly start up so much suffering for themselves and for us all. I am all the more sorry for Mamma since, first, she does not believe anything at all, either her own or Papa's ideas; secondly, she is the more lonely, because since she says and does so many things which are unreasonable, of course all the children are on Papa's side, and she feels her isolation terribly, and she loves Papa more than he loves her, and is delighted as a child if he addresses the least kind word to her. Her chief misfortune is that she is so illogical and thereby provides a good deal of reason to condemn her.

At the end of this book, as one turns the last page, one's mind reverts to that sentence in the entry quoted above: "It is hard to see why they should suddenly start up so much suffering for themselves and for us all." When people record life and their thoughts with the directness and simplicity and integrity of Tania Tolstoy, one observes that it is not only Leo Nikolaievich and Sofia Andreievna who "start up so much suffering for themselves and for us all," but everyone in Yasnaia Poliana and everyone outside it, both then and now, who are continually doing this. Human beings spend most of their time making themselves and other people miserable, and almost always for senseless reasons or for no reason at all. One can only repeat that "it is hard to see why."

LEONARD WOOLF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Dürer and his Times. By WILHELM WAETZOLDT. *Phaidon.* 30*s.*

The Paintings of Holbein. By PAUL GANZ. *Phaidon.* 42*s.*

The Complete Works of Uccello. By JOHN POPE-HENNESSY. *Phaidon.* 30*s.*

100 Master Drawings. Edited by AGNES MONGAN. *Harvard: Cumberlege.* 48*s.*

The Watercolour Drawings of Thomas Rowlandson. Edited by ARTHUR W. HEINTZELMAN. *Watson Guptill.* 75*s.*

Camera Studies of Dutch Master Paintings. By A. VAN SCHENDEL. *Cassell.* 30*s.*

M. Lassaigne's *Delacroix* appears in the "Masters of Painting" series which has already included an excellent account of Gainsborough by Oliver Millar, but this book is far below that standard. The colour plates, apart from those on the dust jacket, are not good, and the half-tones very variable. More difficult to understand is how D. I. Wilson's translation of the text could have appeared without correction, for he seems to have little appreciation of English or French. In a passage on Delacroix's debt to Byron, Shakespeare, Tasso and others, he can write:

> He paid them back in the only currency possible in such exchanges; the interpretation, the image in which he clothed the secret children of their imagination. His pictures were his answers, nurtured by his own substance, where he felt himself equal to the loftiest ambition. . . .

In considering a painter whose technical methods were so influential in the nineteenth century, some command of a technical vocabulary is as important as a sense of language, and would have prevented a mistake like "He mixed his varnish with his colours with oil." M. Lassaigne's text is itself not much of a contribution to the understanding of Delacroix, for when he moves from narrative into criticism or interpretation his writing is often what the series aims to avoid, "gushing, incomplete . . . and irritatingly expressed in over-simplified terms."

It is apt that Wilhelm Waetzoldt's *Dürer*, in a most attractive Phaidon volume, should appear at the same time as Dr. Ganz's complete edition of the paintings of Holbein. Dr. Ganz quotes, with agreement, words written a century ago by the first Holbein scholar, Herman Grimm, "How natural in him are coldness and cool realism! He is not a poet but an historian for whom the lives of men contain no fairy tales and no secrets." Certainly few painters have probed the appearance of things with such attention and detachment, but one cannot attribute to him that Renaissance curiosity so characteristic of Dürer and of Alberti or Leonardo, an artist with whom Dr. Ganz, misleadingly I think, implies an association. Dürer looked into the structure of everything which came under his eye; Holbein only into that which was set before his eye to paint; a falcon, when his sitter was Henry VIII's Falconer, but not a stag beetle, a rhinoceros, a

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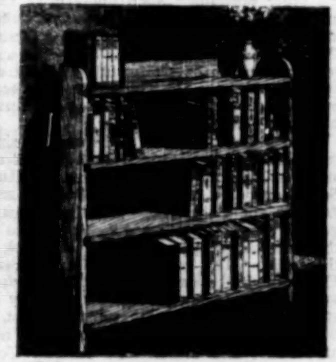

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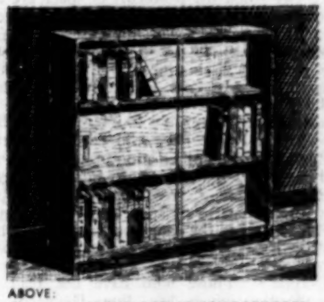

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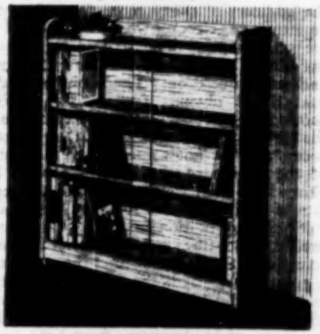

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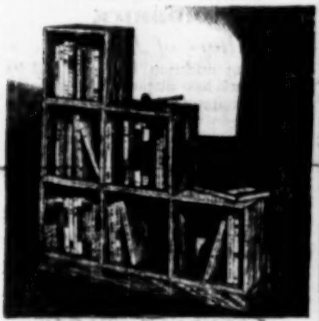

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young stork, or any of that host of natural objects which stirred Dürer's enquiry. Holbein was not, like Dürer, self-conscious nor acutely conscious of his own time, of that background of living ideas and myths which is so clearly exposed in Dr. Waetzoldt's text, and in the pleasant anthology of 160 plates. But it is easy to overlook the fact that in matters of pictorial invention and of abstract design Holbein, for all his isolation from the most modern influences and forms, was Dürer's superior. In spite of its accumulated detail and the informality of the poses, *The Ambassadors* is a more monumental composition than Dürer's *Four Apostles.* Consider also the shapes which regulate the background to the head of Dorothea Kannengiesser and many of the other portraits. Such unobtrusive subtlety in pattern and spacing was the result of deliberate intention and not the work of a cold facsimilist. Of this sensitivity, as well as of the inescapable romanticism of the *Christ in the Tomb* or the painted table-top, Dr. Ganz takes little account, but in a book of this character, an illustrated catalogue, that does not matter.

We possess two of the eight extant paintings, other than frescoes, which Mr. Pope-Hennessy allows to Uccello—the scene from the Battle of San Romano in the National Gallery, and the *Hunt* in the Ashmolean—and their clarity and generally good condition make it easy to forget the technical problems involved in a book about this artist. The reproduction of the damaged Florentine frescoes are as good as can be expected, even if they cannot project the intensity of his space. In the nineteenth century, space, of all the attributes of painting, was least the concern of painters and critics. To Ruskin, Uccello's excited attention to perspective was a tiresome obsession which infected his successors. " Leonardo and Raphael," he wrote, " spoil a lot of pictures with it, to show they knew it." To-day when the problems of space are counted so important, Uccello's work draws very near to us and makes his modification of form in relation to space, as well as his inspired sense of pattern, a fascinating study. Not everyone will agree with Mr Pope-Hennessy's low estimate of the *St. George and the Dragon* in the Musée Jacquemart-André. It is interesting to find not only that Roger Fry, who tried to instruct the English in the appreciation of space and volume, thought much better of it, but that Mr. Pope-Hennessy finds that " the quality of the painting is lower than Fry's appreciation . . . suggests." Here we are in the dangerous borderlands between æsthetics and art history, the question involved being—is this picture good enough to be by Uccello? Those who have not read all the authorities which Mr. Pope-Hennessy exposes with such skill and relish may reasonably feel that the eyes of Fry and Berenson are at least as reliable as his.

The last three books on the list are picture-books, and more or less expensive for that reason. The hundred European drawings are an anthology of seventy exhibited at the Fogg Museum in 1948 in honour of the seventieth birthday of the distinguished connoisseur Paul J. Sachs, with the addition of thirty more from the Museum, an attractive selection whose quality and interest are very uneven. The accompanying notes try, not always successfully, to combine scholarship and art appreciation. The book on Rowlandson has all the obvious faults. The introduction shows no particular understanding of the period, the drawings are arranged in an unexplained order, and the notes attached to them are made of the clichés of the guide-lecturer; but the plates have been well printed and the reproduction of nearly fifty fine Rowlandsons should be a sufficient justification in itself. One can always predict the gestures and attitudes of Rowlandson's actors, just as one can predict the performance of a great clown. It is the continual vitality of his technique and his curiosity about human beings which are so remarkable, and we may easily forget the range of his humour—from light comedy to the grossly farcical and grotesque. All these are represented here, but nothing is better than the portrait of Colonel Seaham, whose sardonic smile and dainty gesture lead us into one of the profoundest characterisations in English art.

The reproduction of details can be dangerous. With the camera's endless capacity for lying almost any principle can be proved by the indiscriminate use of the appropriate detail—that Poussin was an Impressionist, that Watteau was a Cubist. Dr. Van Schendel's book has been sensibly made to show the characteristic handwriting of Dutch seventeenth-century painters and it improves upon its model, the anthologies of detail from National Gallery paintings, by including reproductions of the whole picture. Given the field of Dutch art of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, most of the excellences can be foreseen; but the details from paintings of Willem van de Welde the Younger will surprise, I believe, even those who value that splendid artist.

BASIL TAYLOR

SCIENTIFIC METHOD

The Art of Scientific Investigation. By W. I. B. BEVERIDGE. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

Science, its Method and its Philosophy. By G. BURNISTON BROWN. *Allen & Unwin.* 15s.

The expression " scientific method " is like the word " democracy "—both are often used in a vaguely laudatory sense and more often still the supposed absence of the qualities is made a term of abuse. The meaning of scientific method is seldom clearly defined, nor are those who use the term most freely always the most successful in creating the reality that lies behind. It is a pleasure to read two books on the subject which have both been written by men who practise what they preach—the first a pathologist, the second a physicist.

Professor Beveridge, Director of the Institute of Animal Pathology at Cambridge, has written a very clear and able account of the method of science as applied in experimental biology. It can be strongly recommended to anyone working on biological research, and also to members of the general public who want a clear idea of how such research is done. I have been interested to compare his analysis with my own experience in physics. There are, of course, differences, but the resemblances are much stronger—the resemblance is certainly closer than between, say, painting and poetry, and perhaps a fair comparison would be with portraiture and landscape painting. Professor Beveridge describes the stages of a research and discusses the faculties of imagination, intuition, reason and observation which are required for success. He does not forget a chapter on chance, and how much, indeed, does every successful scientist owe to this! Intuition, aided by reason, may insure that a man will devote his time only to problems where there is a reasonable prospect of finding something of real interest, but it is chance which decides whether a piece of work merely leads to a valuable advance or is a real winner. Perhaps in a long lifetime a man may hope that statistics will even out the chance of individual events, and that he will achieve about the quality and quantity of successes to which his abilities entitle him; but how many able men there must be to whom chance has been unkind and who have spent their lives opening with great difficulty the locked doors of rooms which, after all, contain only rather stolid furniture and no old masters on the walls.

Chance comes into the conduct of the research as well. Many of the greatest discoveries have been by men who were looking for something else. X-rays are a case, and Professor Beveridge quotes many others. Anyone who thinks the less of Röntgen for this should beware lest he would not himself have acted as did that other man—his name now forgotten but then not unknown—who observed that photographic plates, though wrapped, were blackened near an electron discharge in a rarified gas, and thought he had dealt with the situation when he took the plates away and went on with his original research. Beveridge quotes Pasteur here: " In the field of observation

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By David Lack
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chance favours only the prepared mind." He also points out that it takes very unusual ability to develop a great discovery, and cites penicillin as a notable example. Most people do not realise how important and difficult this development is, and how easy it is for a discovery to be unfruitful because its originator lacked either the ability or the opportunity to develop it.

Dr. Brown is rather less concerned with instructing the would-be, or actual, research worker in the principles of his art, and rather more with presenting the philosophy of science to the general public ; as might be expected, his book contains more that is open to debate. He is wise to start with a chapter on the minds of animals and another on words. Men of science have not suffered so severely as philosophers from the tyranny of words and the false suggestions of grammar. A close contact with matter disposes men to think in pictures rather than syllogisms, and since most scientists are at least tolerable mathematicians they have at their disposal the only mode of expression for abstract ideas which has so far led to agreed conclusions. Nevertheless, it would be gross flattery to imply that scientists have not often been misled by words, especially when they venture on the philosophy of their subject. Dr. Brown goes on to speak of the contribution of Aristotle to scientific method, and then follows a chapter on Bacon which holds a judicious balance between the immoderate praise which used to be common and the almost equally extreme disparagement which is coming into vogue, then a chapter on Newton. After chapters on modern and " ultra-modern " science the book finishes with an amusing, though rather discursive, dialogue in imitation of Galileo. Dr. Brown takes in general the positivist view, but combines it rather unexpectedly with a weakness for the idea—of which Eddington, Dirac and Milne have been the greatest exponents—that nature must in a sense conform to the mind and that it is possible to make discoveries in physics by introspection. Of these three great thinkers only Dirac (whom Dr. Brown does not mention) has made successful predictions. He has done it by using a particular mathematical symbolism as a kind of model of some group of physical events and allowing the symbolism to lead him further. Perhaps there is not so much difference between this method and that of Kelvin as one might at first think. The mathematical idea of a matrix, or of non-commutative algebra, replaces the physical one of a jelly that Kelvin used to explain light, but in both cases the argument is really one from analogy. If the fundamental principles of the Universe are really simple—which we all like to think but for which there is not much evidence, let alone proof—there are probably very few formulations which could conceivably give a universe even remotely like ours, and the mind might be able to comprehend them and select the right one. Unfortunately even the most advanced theoretical physics is probably still some way from any statement that is true in an ultimate sense, and to expect pure reason to supply the practical working approximations which can bring to order the unexpected results that experiments force us to accept, is asking rather a lot.

Not only is Dr. Brown, like Professor Beveridge, a readable and amusing writer, but his expositions of the methods of science are convincing, well reasoned and illustrated by apt examples. But why do neither of these able writers refer to what is to me the outstanding and inexplicable fact of scientific discovery? Namely, that in order to discover the most fundamental mysteries of the universe and to acquire power over the greatest forces of nature, man has had to examine not the majesty of sea or mountain, not even the thunderbolt of Zeus (though Franklin tried) but the dancing of pieces of straw under an amber rod and the twitching of frogs' legs outside an Italian butcher's shop—not the majestic but the trivial.

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The Tale Of A Tub. By GEOFFREY ASHE. *Newman Neame.* 6*s.*

Americans In Glasshouses. By LESLIE JAMES. *Falcon Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Nine books—one Italian, one Polish, two American, two Irish and three English—all of them dedicated purposefully, casually, satirically or almost sadly to the Comic Muse ; here surely must be something approaching a common denominator of Western humour ? But of course it isn't, even when you've made all allowances for the absence of any French, German or Russian wags from the list. Still, at the end of the pile one is a little nearer finding the writer who can excite international laughter, as Chaplin can.

This approach to a Chaplin universality is made by Giuseppe Marotta in his *Neapolitan Gold :* with an almost Chaplinesque address he slips the tear in behind the smile. It is of course nonsense to say, cry and you cry alone. There is nothing like a good cry to bring the nations together, provided of course that it is quickly covered by Figaro's brave mockery. So *City Lights* brilliantly reminds us. Signor Marotta has the trick, too.

The visitor to Naples is immediately struck by a curious conflict between the luxuriance of the setting, the exuberant sentimentality of the popular music on the one hand and the ferocious, despairing cynicism which the Neapolitan streets seem to breathe out. But in the backstreets of Capodimonte or San Martino, the music drops its syrup, takes on an almost Spanish melancholy, a hoarse Spanish astringency. *Neapolitan Gold* is a close relative of this music. Signor Marotta's writing is essentially " dead-pan," confidential, hoarsely whispered out of the corner of the mouth, with a quite deceptive air of simplicity. Here is a world as odd to the taste and as crisp to the tooth as Damon Runyon's. But whereas the tooth often goes through the Runyon crust to bog in a marshmallow centre, Signor Marotta is crisp all through. Joy, absurdity, calamity, disappointment, poverty, death—all traverse the mincer of his sardonic melancholy. " Everything there," says Signor Marotta of a certain Neapolitan street : " everything there seems pathetic if you let your feelings run away with you . . ." He is an artist much too assured to be guilty of this crime—perhaps the only crime worth punishing in the opinion of his Neapolitan streets.

It makes, to say the least of it, a change to turn from the sunlit precision of Signor Marotta's Naples to the misty genialities of Mr. Grabowski's *Your Undiscovered Island.* The author, a distinguished Polish exile, means of course this country ; he knows it with a thoroughness and an affection which give him the right to criticise like a native. The rash of sordid architecture which in the name of democratic housing-schemes inflames the face of the English country ; the gloom and fustiness of English hotels ; the impersonality and ugliness of the English seaside shop ; the indifference or hostility of the English shop-assistant ; the modern English housewife's disastrous passion for the tin-opener ; upon all these abominations Mr. Grabowski delivers a vigorous if not entirely original attack. He is evidently conscious, too, as anyone who sees England through a stranger's eyes must be conscious, that class has made two nations of us : " only the higher classes in this country," he says, " understand the pleasures of the table (or those of the bed either, I am afraid)." Mr. Grabowski has immense admiration for the fortitude with which the bulk of our population face their bleak, meagre and expensive pleasures ; but his own pleasure he finds in the less democratic and less modern side of England—in the Georgian leisure of the Thames at Sonning, or the Cornish coast when he has it to himself.

I have not read either of Miss Betty Macdonald's previous best-sellers. But from the title of one of them, *The Plague and I* (which sets out, I understand, to be rollickingly funny about T.B.), I expected *Anybody Can Do Anything* to be a face resolutely set in a cheerful grin, and shining out from the ranks of Mr. Connolly's Awkward Squad. Nor was I mistaken. Of all the lady humorists which America has sent us, Miss Macdonald is at once the brightest and the most insistent on her clumsiness and general incompetence. Her book left me wondering how soon some Middle or North-Western University will inaugurate elections to choose the most awkward lady best-seller of the year.

Personally, to Miss Macdonald's almost excessively healthy fun I prefer Mr. Will Cuppy's latest zoological treatise, *How To Attract The Wombat.* Mr. Cuppy, it is true, has affinities with that school of American comedians who put on small, peculiar hats, and race on to the stage, sliding the last fifteen yards or so. But for many years I've cherished a grateful fondness for his *How To Tell Your Friends From The Apes* and his later *How To Become Extinct.* I therefore approached his new book with some favour. I must admit however that while it made me laugh now and then, I detected a note almost of duty creep behind my laughter.

The two Irish books on this list are both from the hand of Mr. Patrick Campbell. But whereas *An Irishman's Diary* amused me but faintly, *A Short Trot with a Cultured Mind* amused me very much indeed. It is, of course, no easy matter to make a diary sparkle, particularly a diary about Ireland, since the shroud of inde-

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pendence descended upon her; and Mr. Campbell's wit evidently needs the discipline imposed by a short story or sketch. When it receives that discipline, as in *A Short Trot with a Cultured Mind*, he can be very good indeed. Once free from the tea-stained limits of O'Connell Street, Mr. Campbell shows himself to be in the great tradition of Irish wits. In fact, next to *Neapolitan Gold*, his *A Short Trot with A Cultured Mind* is the best thing in this collection.

The *Tale of a Tub* exudes wit and scholarship. Unfortunately its illustrator, as so often happens with illustrators nowadays, finds difficulty in distinguishing between wit and slapstick. Obviously, the supply of diverting writers quite outruns the quality of comic illustrators. How pleasant, therefore, to welcome the fantastic jacket which Emett has drawn for *Americans in Glasshouses*. And the earlier pages of the text by no means disappoint one. It promises, indeed, to be a sly parody of Mr. Gorer's work; and the section on American love-making is very funny indeed. But alas! the author then gets hold of a joke about the soulless Americans being embarrassed by their own plenty, and yearning for British austerity. This conceit, not riotously funny itself, is then flogged through the fleet.

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A jolly fellow, the author of these Recollections. We should hardly have suspected of critical rancour this Suffolk countryman, with his immense zest for the outdoor world of horses and gypsies and the East Anglian stretches of grass and water that are most often the theme of his paintings. There are few references to any painters, old or new, in his book—even to Sargent, whose technical influence shows in so many of the 140 works reproduced. Nevertheless it can only be Sir Alfred the critic who writes of Sir Alfred the artist; both are a product of the story he tells, and which we read with some curiosity for the view it will give us of that never-exhausted subject—the relation of an artist's (or a writer's) life and work.

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The chronicle goes only as far as 1918, the year when the author, at 40, was made an A.R.A. and took for the first time a studio in London. It is put together without design; the narrative rambles forwards and back; dates are given vaguely, if at all. The writing, though, is livened (it is its best quality) by a succession of visual moments—descriptive flashes of people and places briskly realised in a sharp adjectival style. Such notes recall the blue river with pale, dead reeds; the bright winter sunlight on frosty hunting mornings; an old lady, "a wonder of almost ninety," in "a pale-blue linen, hooded bonnet"; an artist, Bagge-Scott, "pale, bitter and needy"; Ephraim Butcher the pig-killer, "fat, short-bearded and sorrowful . . . He breathed heavily; and no wonder—he was the sole adviser to my father in all pig matters and sang bass in the church choir."

But the portraits go no further: even the parents disappear beneath the deftly-drawn surface. His father was a miller—deeply religious, we are told, in spite of weekday whist-playing jaunts with tavern cronies in the nearby market town; on Sundays he would read the lessons in the village church "in such style that people walked from other parishes to hear him." His mother "used to read Hiawatha aloud to us, which infected us with a sweet melancholy." Our interest lingers on this lady, "full of organ-playing, music, poetry, of Scott, Thackeray and Dickens, of a hundred sunsets over the river, of red-polls and their pedigrees"; with her habit of reserving her melancholy mood for Sundays, the day she kept for writing in her diary.

> The house [she writes in a typical extract] is almost unbearably quiet this Sunday; not a soul to be heard or seen about. I have read Mr. Balfour's speech on Tariff Reform at the London Reform Club—written sundry letters, played Chopin Waltzes, etc., still it is only 8.30 p.m. and the day seems interminable. It was too cold to go to church, one never knows if the stove is warming it . . .

Sir Alfred has enjoyed his life. His earliest years seem, as he recalls them, one long summer, with the governesses, the nice girl cousins, the tea-parties on the lawn, the blowing of the organ bellows while his mother practised in the lonely church. Later came Spartan schooldays at Framlingham College, "full of trainers' sons from Newmarket;" here he was punished for painting before breakfast. A six-year period followed as an apprentice lithographer in Norwich, where in the evenings he studied at the School of Art. We can, indeed, feel nothing but good will for this enthusiastic young man, liking his day's work so well that at night he was loth to stop painting (though guiltily) on Sundays, and hearing in 1899, when he was twenty, that two pictures he had sent to the Academy were accepted. And so the book becomes a record of work done mainly—except for one interlude in Cornwall and another in Paris—in Suffolk; of hunting and racing; of pictures painted and sold; of the scenes and models used. During the 1914 War, kept from service by his blindness (a rebounding thorn twig had destroyed his right eye when he was twenty) he went to France as War Artist with the Canadian Cavalry Brigade.

This autobiography is in some ways a disarming book; it is, still more, a revealing one. For what imposes the limit to an artist's greatness if not the quality of the artist's mind? Sir Alfred's skill is great: how well his hand and eye serve him the many reproductions show. But hand and eye are not enough. Imagination, sensibility, energy of *thought* as well as energy of performance—all these are needed to examine and to pass on an experience. His unchanging attitude to the Academy, where he has exhibited yearly since 1899, is only one indication of his restricted outlook. "I am not ashamed to say that I could have wept at the thought of all the *wasted efforts*" (my own italics) he writes of a time when only two pictures were hung. The letters of a Van Gogh or a Camille Pissarro, even of a Haydon—all craftsman's records—are moving and important to the non-painter. In Sir Alfred's writing as in his painting there are no larger implications. His feeling for horses is real and intense, but it is that of a Surtees, not of a Swift. The characters in his paintings are like those in his writing—picturesque pictorial figures existing only in their context—stable boys and gypsies rather than men and women. I would except some of the pencil drawings, particularly the studies made in France. But these, with their rare astringency, were made in conditions of tension; there is nothing to suggest that Sir Alfred can guess imaginatively at what he has not physically realised.

NAOMI LEWIS

SHORT STORIES

The Passionate North. By WILLIAM SANSOM. *Hogarth Press.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

A Walk in the Wilderness. By JAMES HANLEY. *Phœnix House.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

English Story. Edited by WOODROW WYATT. *Collins.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

The Sunnier Side. By CHARLES JACKSON. *Peter Nevill.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Mr. Sansom has always been at the mercy of many loyalties: Kafka, Poe, Proust and Joyce, all the obvious ones and a lot more, have claimed him, sometimes together, sometimes separately. At last he seems to be wriggling out of their grip. One ought, I suppose, to commend the independence he is winning. But Sansom's pastiche was usually clever and entertaining, and now that he lacks the boost of a borrowed style he flounders. Occasionally in *The Passionate North* he stumbles on an idiom which is original and suitable, and then he shows what a good writer he can be. But most of the time he makes do with verbal mannerisms which are no substitute. The first sentence of *Gliding Gulls and Going People*—a maddening title—is a typical example:

> Two girls in high shorts, thin plump thighs redly raw in the blue cold; a blood-filled man in black broadcloth, his big stomach carrying him like a sail along . . . two wives in soldier-peaked hats, navy and nigger, cheery and cake-loving. . . .

Excessive alliterations, double adjectives and adverbs stick in the throat like fishbones. Sansom over-encumbers almost every page with them: "mastoid-desiring-bone," "cake-making thighs," "brownjolly haze," "tender-creamed reindeer," "mud-orange depth." But he relaxes from time to time, and rewards the reader with excellent unaffected writing that is also imaginative. Why, then, resort to tricks? I think that, like another popular mannerist, Henry Green, he aims at fascinating with the brilliant texture of his writing. In Sansom's case this distracts our notice from his characterisation, which is poor, and his plots which tend to be either stunts or banalities. It is for the same reason, I believe, that he provides the stories in his present volume with excessively elaborate settings. In this he is like a theatrical producer who dazzles the audience with decor and stage business lest they remark the thinness of the piece.

The Passionate North is a pendant to Sansom's previous book *South*. *South* was an album of vignettes of Mediterranean life; the province of this new collection of stories is Scandinavia and Scotland. In a foreword the author explains his offering—"a series of landscapes with figures," "a book of stories . . . also a kind of travel book . . . about places as much as people." Indeed the settings are as much the protagonists of these stories as the characters. Mr. Sansom contrasts the water-cities of the north: the gaiety and coarseness of Copenhagen against the nobility of Stockholm. He describes the snowy wastes of the Lapps, and finally the soft woolly Hebrides. Sansom admits that these topographical trifles are written in a bastard form, but that is not

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their trouble. "Back projection" (to use the language of the cinema) is their fault. Sansom has returned from Scandinavia with a number of excellent backgrounds, but only a few of the incidents he projects fuse with them.

Mr. Hanley's backgrounds are no less self-conscious, but in a very different way. Sansom in his foreword complains that a promising episode which might look good "in front of some snow-covered rococo palace" actually takes place "by a concrete garage wall." Hanley sticks to the garage wall; and even if his episodes happened elsewhere he would wrench them back, I imagine, to some squalid setting. This simplicity makes Hanley's stories the better integrated. He sees life through the sort of dun-coloured spectacles that Miss Rose Macaulay has assumed. Like her he is a war artist in retrospect, intent on depicting the wildernesses left by the war. Ruins gape and crumble; among them the young are lost, while old people, like dead trees, point the wrong way. The world is a slagheap; nobody belongs anywhere. This is a view of life which is all whimpers, no bangs. And why not? To-day is rather like that. But it is a dangerous view for a writer, and Mr. Hanley ends by over-exploiting our resources of rancour and pity. The last story, *It has Never Ended,* for example: this is about a genteel boarding house where the old cluster. A wandering sea captain and his wife arrive in search of an anchorage, but peace puzzles them here as elsewhere, and pathetically they wander off. In *Afterwards* a professor whom the world has discarded is at last asked to broadcast, but he is discarded all over again for a popular feature. In another a soldier with a grafted face meets two tarts who mock at the ruins of his face . . . and so on. If, as one critic maintains, "Hanley stretches himself luxuriously in the confident exercise of a great talent," he stretches himself lazily in it as well. His dialogue tends to peter off in a row of dots; too often it never moves more than a few words from the margin.

The tenth volume of *English Story* is as varied and interesting as its predecessors. It is the sort of collection which should be a valuable weathercock for indicating trends and styles in contemporary writing. Yet it is not. It points in so many directions at once that we receive little guidance. Kafka, it would appear, is tumbling from favour at last; Maurice Butterworth's story, *The Tower,* is alone in reflecting the great Czech's influence. Likewise the war figures in only one episode, and that is Eric Rae's excellent account of a soldier who blinds his eyes in the sun's rays so as to get his discharge. The picaresque which the Editor of *Horizon* did so much to encourage is out; so is harsh realism. Social levels tend to be higher and locales more foreign, otherwise there are no positive signs. Like good English water-colours these stories are for the most part technically admirable; like them they also tend to be uniform for all their protestations of variety. Not one story in Mr. Wyatt's anthology is outstanding; a few, at least, linger in the mind.

Most American writers start by writing about childhood and those that don't, turn back to it sooner or later. All the same it was a surprise to find the author of *The Lost Weekend* forsaking drink and homosexuality, the subjects of his last books, for the comparative peace of adolescence. But he does not forsake them for long. Half-way through the first story "drinking—sex—murder" creep back, as he confesses—"the same old ground you deplore . . . in my work." But of course it is not *that* one deplores so much as the sentimentality of Jackson's approach to it and the garrulousness that comes of having graduated in soap opera. In *The Sunnier Side* he is at his worst. Here we have the young days of Don Birnam (the protagonist of *The Lost Weekend*) in an imaginary town called Arcadia. Summer holidays by the lake, his sister's death, school days, the newspaper round, pubescent rumblings—three hundred pages of it—is there anything more boring than a normal middle-class childhood, be it American, English, French or Hindou?

JOHN RICHARDSON

NEW WRITING

Penguin New Writing No. 40. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN. *Penguin Books.* 1s. 6d.

With this issue *Penguin New Writing* has ceased publication. The news, coming so soon after the suspension of *Horizon* and *Life and Letters To-day,* means that the prospects for the young poet or story-writer are blacker at this moment than they have been for two and a half centuries. In one form or another *New Writing* lasted for fourteen years—by no means a short life for a purely literary magazine. It changed, of course, during that period, but the change was one of natural growth. The first issue of all, that of Spring, 1936, carried the following editorial note: "*New Writing* is first and foremost interested in literature, and though it does not intend to open its pages to writers of reactionary or Fascist sentiments, it is independent of any political party." Looking back on those pre-war numbers, one sees now that *New Writing* was to the Thirties what *The Yellow Book* and *The Savoy* were to the Nineties; not all the best young writers of the decade appeared in its pages, it is true, but when the literary historian of the future wishes to know how the decade looked to those who had begun to write during its course, it is to *New Writing* and *Folios of New Writing* that he will first turn. There he will find the poets and novelists who gave the period its distinct colour and temper: Auden, Spender, Isherwood, MacNeice, Day Lewis, Ralph Bates, Upward, Halward, Pritchett, Wintringham, Fox, Orwell and John Lehmann himself, who edited it throughout its life, as well as such Continental writers as Malraux, Chamson, Sartre, Silone, Anna Seghers and Pasternak. Some of these writers were consciously political in their aims, others not, but all were moved to a greater or less degree by the spectacle of common humanity threatened by the great impersonal forces of unemployment and war. "Who live under the shadow of war, What can I do that matters?" one of them asked. In fact, they believed that something could be done, and their literature was a literature of action. They were out to understand what Auden called "the mechanism of the trap." That many of them, Auden himself among them, have changed their views on the nature of the trap, does not necessarily lessen the value of their work done at this period.

Inevitably, because of the assumptions underlying their writing, they aimed at a wide, popular audience. They didn't get it in the Thirties. It came with *Penguin New Writing,* which first appeared towards the end of 1940, containing poems and stories that had appeared in the older, bound volumes as well as new work. From the beginning, in verse, stories and reporting, it reflected the war as men and women serving in the forces and in industry were experiencing it. When it could find them—and they are always rare—it published humorists; one remembers Robert Pagan, and G. W. Stonier, with his *Shaving Through the Blitz.* In a very short time it had become the periodical to which the unknown and ambitious young naturally submitted their manuscripts. Because of its format and its price it found its way everywhere; as long as it lasted the notion that good writing was exclusively the concern of a minority could not be accepted, for there it was, in every barrack-room, at every R.A.F. station, in every factory, price ninepence.

Now it has gone one realises an epoch has ended. For, no matter how *Penguin New Writing* and its more expensive companion *New Writing and Daylight* changed, the impulse behind them was essentially of the Thirties. Somehow or other the writers who will appear in the Fifties will have to find their own organ. May they find an editor and impresario as devoted and as single-minded, as restless in his search for new talent and as energetic in its encouragement, as John Lehmann.

A NOTE ON SOME REPRINTS

Messrs. Collins have inaugurated a new series, which they entitle "St. James's Library," pleasantly bound and well-printed at 6s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. The first six titles are an early Rose Macaulay novel, *Potterism;* perhaps the best biography yet of Bernard Shaw (if for no other reason because Shaw wrote so much of it himself), Hesketh Pearson's; T. H. White's *The Sword in The Stone;* Peter Quennell's *Byron: The Years of Fame;* Winifred Holtby's *South Riding;* Milton Waldman's *Sir Walter Raleigh.* Among the new Penguins Conrad's *The Rescue* is a double volume (2s. 6d.); *Don Quixote* appears in a new translation by J. M. Cohen (5s.), while John Donne (edited by John Hayward) and Alexander Pope (selected by Douglas Grant) join the Penguin Poets at 1s. 6d. The Cresset Library is enriched by a fresh translation of Turgenev's enchanting *On The Eve,* by the Baroness Budberg (9s. 6d.). To the Oxford Trollope which Mr. Michael Sadleir edits is added *The Autobiography,* embellished with an illuminating series of contemporary illustrations (15s.); while an addition to the World's Classics (Oxford 4s.) is a selection of Burns's poems, made by Laurence Brander. Chatto & Windus's pocket size New Phoenix Library, re-risen at 5s., revives Jan Struther's *Mrs. Miniver,* Ambrose Bierce's bitter American stories *In the Midst of Life,* and T. F. Powys's *Mr. Weston's Good Wine.* Chapman & Hall have successfully resurrected the Edwardian novelist Ada Leverson, with her second and third novels *Love's Shadows* and *The Limit* (7s. 6d. each). And *The Three Musketeers* joins Macdonald's Illustrated Classics (9s. 6d.) Among comparatively recent books which have lately been out of print and are now re-issued we notice: *Lawless Roads* by Graham Greene (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.), *Charles I and Cromwell* by G. M. Young (Hart-Davis, 7s. 6d.), *The Spanish Labyrinth,* by Gerald Brenan (C.U.P., 25s.), *The Child and the Magistrate* by John A. F. Watson (Cape, 12s. 6d.). These last two are second editions, partly revised.

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ROUTLEDGE AND KEGAN PAUL

A Selected List of Autumn Books

For reasons which our readers will readily appreciate, we were not able this year to publish our customary advance list of Autumn books. Nor have we, any more than most other periodicals, been able, in the truncated issues of the last few weeks, to review anything but a small proportion of the books we would normally notice. We have, therefore, compiled the following list of the more important books of the Autumn season, whether already published or still to come, in the hope that it may be a useful reminder. While we cannot hope to catch up with all the arrears, mention of a book in this list does not preclude its being reviewed later in our columns. Our issue of December 2nd will be a Christmas Books number which will include a number of reviews on books for children.

Art, Architecture, Music

Bizet. By D. C. Parker. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Contemporary Romantic Painters. By Michael Rothenstein. *Grey Walls.* 25*s.*

Courbet. By M. Zahar. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Edvard Munch. By Frederick B. Deknatel. *Max Parrish.* 21*s.*

Essays on Opera. By Egon Wellesz. *Dobson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Genius of Italy. By Leonardo Olschki. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

The Gothic World. By John Harvey. *Batsford.* 30*s.*

Graham Sutherland. *Zwemmer.* 52*s.* 6*d.*

History of Modern Painting. Vol. III: Picasso to Surrealism. *Zwemmer.* 84*s.*

Joseph Haydn: His Art, Times and Glory. By H. E. Jacob. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Klee. By Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler. *Soho Gallery.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Nation's Pictures. By Anthony Blunt and Margaret Whinney. *Chatto.* 18*s.*

Piero Della Francesca. By Sir Kenneth Clark. *Phaidon Press.* 30*s.*

Studies of Italian Renaissance Painters. By W. R. Valentiner. *Phaidon Press.* 63*s.*

Autobiography and Reporting

An Artist's Life. By Sir Alfred Munnings. *Museum Press.* 21*s.*

Both Sides of the Curtain. By Sir Maurice Peterson. *Constable.* 21*s.*

Confident Morning. By Sir Harold Butler. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Crest on the Silver. By Geoffrey Grigson. *Cresset Press.* 15*s.*

Dream and Reality. By Nicolas Berdyaev. *Geoffrey Bles.* 30*s.*

The Face of Spain. By Gerald Brenan. *Turnstile Press.* 15*s.*

For Fear of Weeping. By Patrick O'Donovan. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Fortress Tobruk. By Jan Yindrich. *Benn.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Fred Bason's Diary. Edited and introduced by Nicolas Bentley. *Wingate.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

From the Waste Land. By Edward Hyams. *Turnstile Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Fuel of the Fire. By Douglas Grant. *Cresset Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Goose Cathedral. By Jocelyn Brooke. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Independent Member. By A. P. Herbert. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

Indiscretions of a Magistrate. By Basil L. Henriques. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Killers of the Dream. By Lillian Smith. *Cresset Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Lawyer. By E. S. P. Haynes. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

The Long Walk Home. By Peter Medd. *Lehmann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Over My Shoulder. By Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton. *George Ronald.* 21*s.*

Peace and Dripping Toast. By Frederick Willis. *Phoenix House.* 15*s.*

The Secret Army. By T. Bor-Komorowski. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Traveller's Prelude. By Freya Stark. *Murray.* 18*s.*

The Universal Singular. The Autobiography of Pierre Emmanuel. *Grey Walls.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Unreturning Spring. By James Farrar. *Williams & Norgate.* 15*s.*

The Venlo Incident. By S. Payne Best. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Biography, Memoirs, Letters

Alexandre Dumas. By A. Craig Bell. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

Boswell's London Journal, 1762-1763. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Diaries of Lady Charlotte Guest. Edited by the Earl of Bessborough. *Murray.* 18*s.*

Edward Garnett. By H. E. Bates. *Max Parrish.* 6*s.*

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James Thomson: Poet of the Seasons. By Douglas Grant. *Cresset Press.* 18*s.*

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The Journal of Mrs. Arbuthnot. Vol. 1, 1820-1825. Vol. II, 1826-1832. Edited by Francis Bamford and The Duke of Wellington. *Macmillan.* 31*s.* 6*d.* each.

The Last Actor-Managers. By Hesketh Pearson. *Methuen.* 18*s.*

Letters of Herbert Hensley Henson. Selected and edited by E. F. Braley. *S.P.C.K.* 15*s.*

Letters of Marcel Proust. Translated by Mina Curtiss. *Chatto.* 21*s.*

Letters of William Morris. Edited by Philip Henderson. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

The Life of Joseph Chamberlain. Vol. IV, By Julian Amery. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*

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The Tolstoy Home. By Tatiana Sukhotin-Tolstoy. *Harvill Press.* 21*s.*

Trelawney. By R. Glynn Grylls. *Constable.* 21*s.*

Country, Sport, Travel

Birds and Men. By E. M. Nicholson. *Collins.* 21*s.*

County Books: Derbyshire (Crichton Porteous), Leicestershire (Major Guy Paget and Lionel Irvine), West Riding (Lettice Cooper). *Hale.* 15*s.* each.

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Malay Waters. By H. M. Tomlinson. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Naga Path. By Ursula Graham Bower. *Murray.* 16*s.*

This My Voyage. By Tom Longstaff. *Murray.* 21*s.*

Undiscovered Scotland. By W. H. Murray. *Dent.* 18*s.*

Venture to the Interior. By Laurens van der Post. *Hogarth Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

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Auden. By Richard Hoggart. *Chatto.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

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Ezra Pound. Essays edited by Peter Russell. *Peter Nevill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Hamlet and the Pirates. By D. S. Savage. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

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H. G. Wells. By Norman Nicholson. *Arthur Barker.* 6*s.*

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Inquiring Spirit: A New Presentation of Coleridge from his Published and Unpublished Prose Writings. Edited by Kathleen Coburn. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

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Seventeenth-Century English Literature. By C. V. Wedgwood. *Oxford.* 5*s.*

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Studies in Milton. By E. M. W. Tillyard. *Chatto.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

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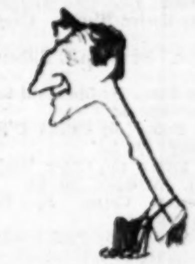

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Stevenson made his formal declaration in the essay on Romance, written in 1882 when the only full-length story he had published was *Treasure Island*, in a children's magazine.

> One thing in life calls for another; there is a fitness in events and places . . . The effect of night, of any flowing water, of lighted cities, of the peep of day, of ships, of the open ocean, calls up in the mind an army of anonymous desires and pleasures. Something, we feel, should happen; we know not what, yet we proceed in quest of it . . . The right kind of thing should fall out in the right kind of place; the right kind of thing should follow; and not only the characters talk aptly and think naturally, but all the circumstances in a tale answer one to another like notes in music. The threads of a story come from time to time together and make a picture in the web; the characters fall from time to time into some attitude to each other or to nature, which stamps the story home like an illustration.

He throws in a handful of examples, from Ulysses to Crusoe, then proceeds to extract the heart of the matter:

> This, then, is the plastic part of literature: to embody character, thought, or emotion in some act or attitude that shall be remarkably striking to the mind's eye . . . It is one thing to describe scenery with the word-painters; it is quite another to seize on the heart of the suggestion and make a country famous with a legend.

Stevenson himself, on the evidence of his letters and the recollections of his friends, seems to have been as sensitive to gesture as others are to shape, colour or sound; he was, too, unusually sensitive to the associations of places and states of mind. A sudden wave of emotion left him literally staggering, one day in Samoa: a frame of mind and body that "belonged to Scotland, and particularly to the neighbourhood of Callander."

> Very odd these identities of sensation [he explains] and the world of connotations implied; highland huts, and peat smoke, and the brown swirling rivers, and wet clothes, and whisky, and the romance of the past, and that indescribable bite of the whole thing at a man's heart, which is—or rather lies at the bottom of—a story.

Propounded in 1882, Stevenson's doctrine of romance must have looked irrelevant to the reader with his eye on the serious novelists of the day: Zola, piling up his realistic detail, Meredith, probing psychological intricacies, James, exploring every value of a given situation. Not, of course, that this kind of romance was anything of an innovation. The methods described by Stevenson had been practised whole-heartedly and unself-consciously by Scott and Victor Hugo. Stevenson's part was to analyse, with his critical and highly self-conscious mind, the essential quality of their sprawling works. From Scott and Hugo he learnt, above all, that you can make a story without a hero—or, at least, without a human hero. The Revolution is the hero of *Quatre-Vingt-Treize*, as, in *Waverley*, it is the death of an old order and, in *Old Mortality*, the temper of mind that produced the religious civil wars. But Stevenson had to fight for his own right not to put people in the centre of his stories. Henley, quite missing the point of *The Merry Men*, was critical of the figure of "my uncle." "My uncle himself is not the story as I see it," Stevenson insisted: "It's really a story of wrecks, as they appear to the dweller on the coast. It's a view of the sea." The conception of romance did not exclude interest in character: it only required that, where character was an end, action should still be the means.

All Stevenson's stories can be read as a series of varied solutions to the problems postulated by his view of romance. *The New Arabian Nights* are, like their prototypes, the pure poetry of circumstance. *Treasure Island* has "the right acts and attitudes" to embody, as James was quick to see, "a boy's vision of the extraordinary." The action of *Jekyll and Hyde* expresses an overwhelming sense of man's double nature. *The Beach of Falesá*, the story that shot through him like a bullet as he cut a path to his new house in Samoa, "in one of my moments of awe alone in that tragic jungle," is the expression of the mystery of those devil-haunted woods, and also of the points of tension between the traders and natives of the Pacific: "You will know more about the South Seas after you have read my little tale than if you had read a library." The excellence of *Kidnapped* lies in the success with which several of the aims propounded in the essay have been sighted, and hit. A country has been given its legend; a moment of history its significance; and two characters have been stamped unforgettably on our mind's eye—all through action. When the American painter Will Low spoke of the impression he had gained of the country through which Alan and David escape, Stevenson insisted he should go back through the book and verify that there was hardly a line of landscape description in it.

This vein of romance can be traced right up to *Weir of Hermiston* — where an action as spare as a ballad mirrors (for almost the first time in Stevenson) a full-grown passion, and a sense of fate. After Stevenson, it seems superficially easy to follow the line on to Quiller-Couch, to Neil Munro, to John Buchan, to A. E. W. Mason, to all the writers of adventure stories whose chapter-headings begin "In which I . . . ." But how little even the best of these have taken from Stevenson's whole box of tricks! The telling of a brisk story has become an end in itself; only rarely is it a vehicle for character, feeling or history. Of all these obvious successors, perhaps only Buchan has here and there evoked through his action that sense of youthful high spirits and expectancy that is the mainspring of *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped* and *St. Ives*: the sense that anything is round the corner, that no coincidence is too steep, that the most diverse characters and places can be seen to belong together with a delightful rightness.

We have to conclude that these are at best only partial inheritors. The essential Stevensonian romance—the conception he analysed and demonstrated and extended—has a far more erratic progression. It is an unpredictable jumping-jack, flickering up into what's supposed to be a novel of character, fusing together an antiquarian's researches, shooting off across the Channel, crackling up into a handful of detective stories, landing with a brilliant explosion at Ealing or Elstree. It is present, in its purest form, in the stories of J. Meade Falkner. *Moonfleet* is a legend that makes the Dorset coast live as *Kidnapped* made Glencoe and the Moor of Rannoch. In *The Nebuly Coat* Falkner added a new instance to the Stevenson principle: he made a hero of a building, and devised action to makes us feel the Minster with its cracked fabric that sings in the young architect's ear, "The Arch never sleeps!" It is certainly present in the Conrad of *The Shadow-Line* or *Heart of Darkness*, though Conrad moved away from the novel of action to the novel of atmosphere and sensibility. We find it, most strikingly, in *Le Grand Meaulnes*. I do not know if Alain-Fournier read anything by Stevenson beyond the stories, but his own letters to Jacques Rivière startlingly echo passages in Stevenson's essay and discuss, as Stevenson discussed in his letters, the need for a naked, muscular style—"*peindre sans adjectifs*"—the use of day-dream, the relations of romance to reality: "*je n'aime pas la merveille que lorsqu'elle est étroitement insérée dans la réalité.*" *Meaulnes* can be read as the legend that gives life, both to the landscape of Sologne, and to that state of mind, that awakening sensibility and passion, that Fournier always related to those woods and fields and hidden manors. There are touches of this kind of romance in Michael Innes, in whose thrillers action is seldom an end in itself, but a language to express a particular landscape, a kind of imagination, a mood, a frame of mind.

Finally the Stevensonian romance turns up in celluloid—though assuredly not in the bungling coarse-handed versions of *Kidnapped* or *Treasure Island*. It is charmingly present in *Whisky Galore*, whose absurd delightful action leaves a clearer impression of the beauty of a Hebridean island, and what it feels like to live at an island tempo, than any self-conscious travelogue smearing luscious prose over the white sands and the kelp-gatherers. But the really impressive Stevensonian film is *The Third Man*, whose hero is surely the racked and dismembered city itself, presented—without the cinema's equivalent of word-painting—by choice of significant action. And when people

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complained that Harry Lime wasn't real enough, their complaints were as beside the point as Henley's of *The Merry Men*. There, was a "view of the sea"; here, a view of Vienna.

As one glances over these later names, a generalisation timidly raises its head: that these are names of men who were not content with being only writers. One remembers Falkner's career in Vickers, and Conrad's years at sea. One thinks of Graham Greene's journeys, to Mexico, to Liberia: "for the chance of finding—there are a thousand names for it, King Solomon's mines, the 'heart of darkness,' one's place in time." One hears Fournier's cry, "*Créer par moments sa vie comme un conte merveilleux*," and Stevenson's despair: "0.6 of me is artist, 0.4 adventurer . . . I ought to have been able to build light-houses, and write David Balfours too." Is this kind of romance to be found only in those writers who are nagged and harried by an inner need of action to be lived as well as imagined? The problem of the novelist of action who is anything more than a yarn-spinner is to find the appropriate myth or legend for an experience; and perhaps it is always a toss-up whether he creates the action in the form of a story, or whether he acts it himself. So there may indeed be an instinctive rightness in those lovers of Stevenson who refuse to confine him to his writing. It may turn out that the legend Stevenson most successfully created was, after all, his own life.

JANET ADAM SMITH

THE PHOTOGRAPH

The infant's features, rounded, bland,
Conceal a mind already torn
By straits of love. The naive hand
Thus early knows its guilty bourne.

Through life the crises of affection
Repeat themselves in rigid forms.
An ancient pattern shapes the action:
The change the mystery of the storms.

I stare at this my strange first face;
Try to bring back the figure on
My blouse. Sense cannot leap the space—
The meaning of the man has gone.

ROY FULLER

THE WRITER

He is the black song that will trouble
The broad acres to a double flow,
Gold, corn, iron, all that the land yields,
All that is musical and vernal, all that binds and sets loose,
Sets stock for winter and for summer pleasure,
Setting the fine-spun necklace of bird sound on the dark throat
And in the black braided hair the vermilion of his lips,
Eyes, arms, nostrils, the finger-tips assaying
The impossible and the feasible feats.

Straight cypress in the exotic setting,
Flamboyant and jessamine assailing the startled eyes;
In the shapeless growth of sudden tropic life,
In the formlessness, a low insistent note
Banging the god in, his quiver full of bright steel,
His loins of vibration and his eyes of vengeance:
Spawn of God, poet, scattered to the four winds
Of the crucifix! You swell the bush, the rock and the burn.
—Forever lonely.

TAMBIMUTTU

TWO VIEWS OF EASTERN EUROPE

The East European Revolution. By HUGH SETON-WATSON. *Methuen.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

Revolution in Eastern Europe. By DOREEN WARRINER. *Turnstile Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is a stroke of rare luck to have two books on the same subject, both by highly competent authors, which differ in approach, spirit and conclusions. Indeed, apart from similarity of place-names, it is difficult to believe that Mr. Seton-Watson and Miss Warriner are both writing about the same part of the world in the same period of time. Yet both started out from much the same point. Both have known the countries of Eastern Europe over a long period; both speak the languages and have intimate personal contacts in these countries; both in 1945 would have agreed in most of their judgments and in their hopes for the future; both would have condemned any simple restoration of pre-war conditions and insisted on industrialisation and a modern system of agriculture as the real needs of eastern Europe. By 1950 they are on opposite sides of the barricades. No two books could better illustrate the conflict which has split the once "progressive" world into two hostile camps; there is no common ground, no room even for the most inveterate conciliator or appeaser.

Mr. Seton-Watson's book is the longer, solider, and also, it must be confessed, the duller of the two. It tries to be both a work of reference and an essay in explanation; and gets rather overweighted in the process. Like most books that are comprehensive, it would be better if it were not. Its standpoint is sharply political—significantly, only thirty-five pages out of four hundred are given to economic questions. Its theme is the struggle for power, always the central theme in a revolution. In this case, the word "struggle" is perhaps inappropriate: "the imposition of Communist rule by Soviet force" would be a more correct description of the process. The driving-force in Mr. Seton-Watson's narrative is Soviet imperialism; and his book is a study in "imperialism of a new kind." In his zest at this discovery, he has perhaps passed over the imperialism of the old kind which England and America, with the best of motives, offered eastern Europe at the end of the war. His chapter on "the Greek exception," for example, reveals his preference for that older world, in which imperialist powers blunderingly supported reactionary parties and were sharply, though ineffectively, chided by the Seton-Watson family.

Miss Warriner's book is, in comparison, refreshingly brief and practical; more than half of it deals with economic policy and prospects. A characteristic sentence reveals her approach, smelling of the soil: "the poorer peasants ate their maize and sold their wheat; what they should have done was to feed the maize to pigs for sale and eat their wheat." What could be more simple or more final? So far as politics go, her arguments are of the same simple order. The Communists gave the people what they wanted; alternatively they gave the people what was good for them. For instance she writes, of 1945: "there were governments in power in every East European country which could rightly claim to represent the people"; and again: "the Communists were right in claiming that they stood for the people" (the claim to represent them has disappeared); of Czechoslovakia in 1938, "the industrial workers as a whole stood solid behind the Communists." If the Communists represented the people, why did they never allow free elections? Yet Miss Warriner also writes: "the essential economic change could not have been carried through, in eastern Europe in 1945, through a system of parliamentary democracy." But then Miss Warriner does not care much for what she calls "constitutional rights, in the spirit of nineteenth-century liberalism." In her own words: "the conception of freedom as the right to dissent—to freedom of speech, of the press, of religion—has no meaning in this revolution." Or again, "there is no room for the conception of

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HART-DAVIS

personality in the sense of cultivated eccentricity, or as a marketable commodity." Mr. Seton-Watson, who knows the peasants of eastern Europe as well as Miss Warriner does, shall answer this judgment:

> The system is based on force and could not be made to work without force. . . . There is certainly no evidence for the view, widely held by apologists for Communism in Western Europe, that "only a few intellectual malcontents" care about intellectual freedom. . . . No Western apologist for Communism, nor any outside observer of any political complexion, has the right to decide whether the workers and peasants of Eastern Europe are capable of "appreciating freedom of thought."

And in a further passage:

> It is not true that these peoples do not understand what liberty means and do not passionately desire it. Their crude but vivid notions of their national history and their simple but powerful religious convictions are the best proof of the contrary. Nor does it follow that economic improvement can be obtained only by political oppression. . . . The combination of economic change and terror is not inevitable. It is a result of Communist policy.

Miss Warriner however jibs at nothing. She can even write of Rajk's confession: "it is internally consistent; it cannot be dismissed as lies." To this indeed there is a simple answer. It was dismissed as lies, and proved to be lies, by Michael Károlyi, probably the noblest man alive and certainly the greatest friend that the workers and peasants of Hungary have ever had. If Miss Warriner accepts the Communist thesis that Michael Károlyi is "an imperialist lackey," she is beyond the reach of argument.

Even if one disregards these "meaningless" conceptions and meets Miss Warriner on her own soil, there is a deep flaw in her argument. She justifies the Communists with the old phrase: "you cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs." Even accepting this as true, it does not remain true when put round in the form: "the Communists are breaking eggs; therefore they are making omelettes." Yet this is what Miss Warriner's enthusiasm for planning amounts to. The increase in employment *will be* so much; the increase in productivity *will* be so much; Hungary and Poland *will* become predominantly industrial countries. She even writes "the plans now provide the capital for transforming the agrarian half of Europe into an industrial economy." How can plans provide capital? If I write on a piece of paper, "one hundred cigarettes," I have still nothing to smoke.

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Though she swallows the Communist arguments, she is too innocent to be a Communist writer and gives away too much of the game; her book will probably be banned throughout eastern Europe. She explains quite clearly that the peasants are encouraged to improve their land and to produce more so that the land can be taken away from them and turned into collective farms. All prisoners pick hemp; it is rare for them to be told so frankly beforehand that they will be hanged with rope of their own manufacture. Miss Warriner explains the Communist dilemma with great simplicity. "They want to be popular and to feel that the people believe that they, not the government, are achieving the plan. But if the Communists do become popular, the danger is that they cease to be the spearhead of the ceaseless drive; they become nationalist." The last word is of course merely a term of abuse for any ruler, Communist or otherwise, who has loyalty or affection for his own people. Again Mr. Seton-Watson shall answer:

> Defence of individual nationality against an alien totalitarian Moloch is neither ignoble nor ridiculous. . . . The East European nations have their backs to the wall. If the West cannot help them, it need not insult them.

Two books on the same subject often complement each other; these contradict each other. No admirer of the one is likely to be convinced of the other. The authors talk two different languages, live in two different worlds. Even I am hard put to it to invent a soul-warming compromise, suitable to these columns. But I think there is one. Eastern Europe cannot have real independence until it is industrialised and its agriculture modernised; in so far as the Communists are doing these things, they are digging their own graves (as the Germans did before them). But unless the peoples of eastern Europe use their new strength to turn against their Communist and Russian oppressors, they will never gain the freedom which they have always wanted and for which they have so often fought. Free men (and even free women) in the west should therefore welcome the development of economic strength in eastern Europe, without ever lowering their own standards of political morality. If Mr. Seton-Watson had accepted this formula, he would have given more space to economic policy and development since 1945; but if Miss Warriner had accepted it, she would never have written her book at all. Mr. Seton-Watson is negative and a little old-fashioned; Miss Warriner is ready to lower the flag of freedom and, still worse, to besmirch it.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

NEW NOVELS

Insurrection. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY. *Gollancz.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Confessions of a Novice. By GUIDO PIOVENE. *William Kimber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Pierrot. By RAYMOND QUENEAU. *Lehmann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Backward Bride. By AUBREY MENEN. *Chatto & Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The reviewer, like any other reader, judges books by one of two standards: either how near they come to being perfect, or how far they remain from being dismal. That is where so much of the confusion begins. To take this week's batch alone, it would be easy to talk of Liam O'Flaherty's new novel in terms considerably more disparaging than one would use for the new Raymond Queneau, and so leave the reader under the impression that *Insurrection* is a failure where *Pierrot* is a great success. In fact, *Insurrection* is a most impressive and convincing book, while *Pierrot* is simply a light-hearted little fantasy. The difficulty is that the French book "comes off" (or does not—it is very much a matter of taste) as far as it does without making much impression either way; whereas O'Flaherty's account of the Easter 1916 rising in Dublin challenges comparison with the best that has been written on that most moving of subjects, beginning with Yeats' poem, and demands to be criticised as a potential masterpiece. I found that, in fact, it failed to live up to its subject, and so in theory it can be written down a failure: but what nonsense that is, when this failure is compared with the current successes of well-established novelists who beam at us, cut out in cardboard in the windows of Circulating Libraries. The failure seemed to me to lie ultimately in a lack of intensity, a final deficiency of imagination which prevented the characters from taking fire and blazing out as the symbolic, historic figures they were meant to become; and again, how is one to put this judgment into a true perspective except by repeating that most modern novelists would be flatly incapable of coming anywhere near Liam O'Flaherty's achievement, let alone surpassing it. *Insurrection* is a short book, written simply, and without tricks. Its method of dealing with the Rising is as simple as the style: we follow the adventures of a penniless country boy, Bartly Madden, from the moment when he becomes involved in the movement (which is the morning the insurrection begins) to the moment of his death two days later. The others in the account are squarely presented, and the events themselves easy to follow. The danger of such simplicity is always that it will fail to rise quite to the height of its great argument, and such I think is the outcome here; nevertheless, it is in every way a book worth reading.

Confessions of a Novice, too, is worth reading. I have read none of Signor Piovene's other books, but I take him to have been much influenced by François Mauriac. Indeed, it is quite a shock to find a book which deals so subtly with the grimier aspects of the female and its relations with the Roman Catholic Church, which is not only not by M. Mauriac but differs radically from that master in its interpretation of the material. Signor Piovene is quite clear about that side of it; in a very interesting preface he remarks how little sympathy he has for the modern tendency among Catholics to believe in the most stringent and uncompromising analysis of motives. The results, for the reader, do not differ a great deal: either way we are in for psychological probing and self-deceiving young women getting themselves into hot water. But the Italian landscape turns out to be softer, sweeter than the Landes country, almost defiantly so; so that if this novel is less shattering than *Genetrix,* it is much less gratuitously unpleasant than *The Kiss of the Leper.* It is also admirably constructed. The reader is led on by a series of well-devised surprises to learn all there is to learn about Rita Passi, the wretched novice whose "confessions" involve her and everyone else in disaster. Once again, judged by the highest standards this is not an entire success: for one thing, the ending gets melodramatic. But, like *Insurrection,* it is by any standards an intelligent and absorbing piece of work.

Pierrot raises a quite different problem, that of translation. Queneau's novel deals with the adventures of a short-sighted young assistant at a fun-fair, whose job in the Palace of Laughter is to ensure that the young ladies get their skirts blown up by a current of air and so keep the "connoisseurs" happy. Hardly is this situation established before he gets the sack. Then the fairground burns down, Pierrot gets a job transporting two tame apes across France, a multitude of minor characters display their eccentricities, and all ends as casually as it began with the author pondering the lack of implications in his tale. It is a light-hearted book, which seems to have the same untroubled oddness as the early Evelyn Waugh novels. I say "seems to have" because the present version has been done into the special brand of patois, part English, part American, affected by Mr. J. Maclaren Ross, the translator; it is about as Parisian as the Tottenham Court Road. Not having read the original, I cannot say whether this is entirely justified: but it seems unlikely. Surely such a drastic transplanting could work only if the locale were actually shifted to England, where the translator's style might be an advantage, instead of pulling against the manner and approach of the author. The translator has stamped his own personality so firmly over the book as to make it virtually his own property. To those who have admired this author's work in the past (and he wrote some admirable sketches of army life in the last war) it can be recommended. What admirers of Queneau will make of it is another matter.

The Backward Bride starts by suggesting itself for the first of my two standards of assessment; but after a few pages it becomes clear that one is going to be grateful only for small mercies. It is a mildly amusing satire on modern life, a story of the present-day world seen through the eyes of a lovely and innocent Sicilian girl, in the manner popularised by the late Mr. A. G. Macdonnell. Among those satirised are a lecherous University philosopher, a French Existentialist, a Hungarian psychoanalyst and an American One-Worlder. They are dealt with on the level of conventional types. Mr. Menen retains his politely readable style, and there are several entertaining remarks: after that, unfortunately, the mercies become too small to catalogue.

FRANK HAUSER

DEFEAT BY ASSOCIATION

Seeds of Treason. By RALPH DE TOLEDANO and VICTOR LASKY. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Generation on Trial. By ALISTAIR COOKE. *Hart Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Reading about Alger Hiss, one thinks first of Dreyfus and then of Oscar Wilde. The Dreyfus affair swelled from an attempt to achieve redress for an Army officer into a tremendous test of French democracy. Dreyfus *had* to be guilty for the sake of the Army and the Church; but he was cleared—and so anti-Semitism and clericalism were defeated for a generation. To understand the effect of the conviction of Hiss, one must re-read the description in Yeats's *Autobiography* of the defeat by association, which every artist felt, when Wilde lost his case against Lord Queensberry. Culture had been overcome by the Philistines and the fact that Wilde was guilty made the defeat all the bitterer. Evil had triumphed by due process of law.

For many years Americans will feel the same sense of passionate participation in the trial of Alger Hiss. The blind gods pushed him forward as the defendant to stand for the whole New Deal against the strident attack of a new Anti-Liberalism. An inner arrogance, not so far removed from that of Wilde, drove him to take up the challenge. He was not compelled to do so; and he must have known that there were passages in his life which would damn him when they were judged by the standards of the Anti-Communist present, not of the Anti-Fascist past to which they belonged. Guilty or not, Hiss was convicted and his conviction imposed a staggering defeat on every American who believes in civil liberty and social justice.

The facts are well enough known. In the summer of 1948, the notorious Committee on Un-American Activities was in a sorry pass, when a minor ex-Communist, Miss Bentley, testified to the existence of a pre-war Washington spy ring which included a certain Whittaker Chambers. Chambers was duly subpoenaed. He denied the charge of espionage, but admitted to Communism and gave the Committee a list of Communist high-ups in the New Deal including the name of Alger Hiss, Felix Frankfurter's most brilliant pupil, who, as a State Department official, had been present at Yalta and organised the San Francisco Conference. Hiss, now President of the Carnegie Peace Institute, appeared before the Committee to deny the whole story. Confronted, however, with Chambers, he admitted that he had known him as an indigent journalist called Crosley and lent him his apartment. Chambers then repeated his accusation on the air and Hiss sued him for libel. At this point, Chambers produced out of a pumpkin on his farm a roll of papers consisting of micro-film copies of secret State Department documents, most of them typed on an old Woodstock belonging to Hiss, a few in his handwriting.

Up to now the Administration, along with Liberal public opinion and most reputable papers, had dismissed the whole affair as a smear campaign. Now it was forced to act; and in due course a Grand Jury, unable owing to the Statute of Limitations to consider a charge of treason, indicted Hiss for perjury. The first jury disagreed; but after a re-trial, he was convicted.

No-one will ever establish the whole truth about Hiss and Chambers. All the events, which the witnesses had to remember and on which the jury based their verdict, had occurred ten years before the trial began. Moreover, the chief witness for the prosecution was not only a self-confessed spy but a perjurer as well, since he had denied committing espionage when he appeared before the House Committee. Despite the strength of the circumstantial evidence, therefore, some doubt will always remain about the guilt of Hiss. But, by the end of the trial, this had become a secondary issue since the prosecution had successfully proved the existence of more than one spy ring in New Deal Washington. There is no doubt that Chambers, Mrs. Eisler, and Miss Bentley were intermediaries between Russian agents and prominent New Dealers in the Treasury, the State Department and other Agencies. One minor State Department official, Julian Wadleigh, who was named by Chambers, confessed to his crime at the Hiss Trial. Whatever the verdict on Hiss himself, a case against the New Deal had been established in the public mind.

Seeds of Treason and *A Generation on Trial* are the first of the many books which will be written on the Hiss affair. Toledano and Lasky belong to the tribe of unrelenting Anti-Communists. Compassion, in their eyes, is synonymous with treason. The new inquisition must extirpate heresy and reserve its mercy for the sinner who proves his repentance by denouncing his friends. *Seeds of Treason*, in fact, is the case for Senator MacCarthy and Whittaker Chambers. No one will expect a book of this kind, in this year of grace, to be written with refinement, or without malice.

The English reader, remembering the brilliant reporting of the trials by Alistair Cooke in the *Manchester Guardian* will prefer *A Generation on Trial*. Mr. Cooke struggles for objectivity, but the title he has chosen indicates his own emotional involvement. He detests the Star Chamber methods of the House Committee and the scandalous license assumed by the press in reporting the trial. At first, as his *Manchester Guardian* reports show, Mr. Cooke was a joyous Hissite, as sceptical as Harry Truman himself of the Chambers story and confident that the Red-baiters had at last met their match. But as the trials proceeded, his confidence was gnawed by doubts. To-day, he is a disillusioned Hissite, his personal judgment perilously suspended between eleven possible explanations of the affair. Very wisely in this book, he has allowed us to follow the mental process which led him downwards from the elation of anticipated victory to the dreadful sense of "guilt by association." By so doing, he warns us not to regard his report as detached or judicial. It is as partisan as

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Seeds of Treason, but with the partisanship of a humane mind for a Liberal cause. I would suggest that in order to retain his own objectivity, the reader should study these two books together, comparing incident with incident, character with character. If he contrasts, for instance, the two treatments of the psychiatrists' evidence in the second trial, he will see how truth can be honestly distorted by omission.

The basic conflict, of course, is on the characters of Chambers and Hiss. For Cooke, Hiss is still an idol—if a fallen idol. He is the pattern not merely of the New Dealer but of the new American. If this man, he seems to plead, perfect in his bearing, perfect in his record, perfect in his friendships—if this man was indeed corruptible, what hope is there for my poor country. To which Toledano and Lasky reply: A Yankee snob, a stuck-up careerist with all the right connections. It's no great loss to the real America that he has at last been exposed as a dirty Communist spy. But look at Chambers, they continue proudly, a talented boy, perverted by the atheism of his home and the Communism of the Columbia campus until he became a tool of the Kremlin. A self-confessed spy? Yes, but he risked his life by breaking away; he lived for a whole year in hiding and in destitution and then through a decade fought his way back to the American way of life, an office in Time Incorporated and membership of the Society of Friends. A self-confessed perjurer? Yes, but only because, as a Quaker, he refused to incriminate Hiss until Hiss forced him to do so.

Mr. Cooke feels this version to be an obscene travesty. The man he watched in the courts was a renegade heretic, probably a psychopath. How infinitely superior was Julian Wadleigh! Despite his gangling intellectualism, this Oxford graduate was the only one who was man enough in 1948 to retain the confused idealism of 1938, the anti-Fascist fervour which made countless Americans abjure the France and Britain of Munich and see Russia as the only steadfast friend of democracy. In his concluding chapter, Mr. Cooke observes:

> The principals in this case were idealist at a time when idealism, and the nature of loyalty, were undergoing an historic test. If Hiss had said he had done all this, he had passed papers proudly to confound the Nazis, to quicken the day of deliverance of enslaved populations, he could have been a greater Wadleigh.

To an Englishman this defence of a generation looks like an admission of guilt. If such "fusions of loyalties" were prevalent under the New Deal then the Seeds of Treason were indeed being sown. And further, is not the defence itself quite incredible? An Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office might purloin secret documents in order to transmit them to a foreign agent or to enable his wife to do so. But if he did, he would not square his conscience by appealing to a "fusion of loyalties."

The unusual merit of *A Generation on Trial* is that it tries to answer this insular English question. Our patriotism is rooted in the soil and our loyalties part of a traditional establishment. In the U.S.A. things are not so simple. Patriotism is still largely an acquired, not an inherited, characteristic; and loyalty is due not to a monarch who stands above party but to a man-made constitution. Here there are no rigid codes of conduct to which public servants and politicians must submit in order to succeed. Without flagrant disloyalty to his Party, the Congressman cannot defeat the Boss and the Machine; and the civil servant, who fails to play politics or refuses to pass secret documents to a friendly journalist, will achieve very little. In our sense of the words, there is neither impartial administration nor impartial justice in Washington. Political warfare, with violence and corruption only just below the surface, pervade the whole of life. What matters is not breaking the rules but avoiding being downed by the other side for breaking them.

All this was true before 1933. Then came the New Deal and a young Liberal from Harvard felt like Wordsworth in France. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive." He was not reforming a settled country like any dreary Fabian but creating something brand new. He was a revolutionary, destined to fashion a new world and a new Labour movement, just as the Bolsheviks were in 1918. In his novel the *Middle of the Journey* (are there not portraits here of Chambers and Mrs. Hiss?) Lionel Trilling has caught this idealistic yet conspiratorial atmosphere of American Liberalism which is so strangely alien to our ideas. In the last resort the British intelligentsia sacrifices its principles in the national interest and permits Parliamentary tradition and civil service etiquette to overrule its Socialist purposes. In America, Left and Right are both untrammelled by any code and morally free to be disloyal for high purposes. Treason is only disloyalty carried to an extreme—and caught out.

An English Hiss could be repudiated along with Fuchs; and, by and large, the dissociation would still be accepted to-day, just as British Conservatism has not been tarred with the pro-Nazi activities of some of its over-fervent supporters in the Thirties. But in American politics, where few rules are observed and no holds are barred, guilt by association is inescapable. Mr. Acheson recognised this when, after the verdict, he publicly refused to condemn his friend Alger Hiss. So Mr. Acheson is named "a bad security risk" and, at the polls, the electorate endorses the thesis that in the land of unlimited possibilities, treason is always a possibility.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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The Stevenson centenary is producing many reprints of his works in various forms, but so far only one original study. Not long ago, Mr. McLaren produced the most personal and vivid book on Edinburgh since Stevenson's *Picturesque Notes*. Now he has used his immense and curious knowledge of the city to light up the writer who, both in his loyalties and his rebellions, his toughness and his urbanity, has most nearly epitomised the character of that two-faced city. Mr. McLaren grew up in an Edinburgh not very different from Stevenson's, among elders who had known Stevenson, or known all about him, to whom his back-street exploits were matter for legend or admiring gossip. Like Stevenson, Mr. McLaren suffered from Edinburgh's climate, respectability and stuffiness; like him he dived into the "underworld" of Leith Walk and Lothian Road; like him he was fascinated by Edinburgh's double nature. *Jekyll and Hyde*, he insists, must be read as an Edinburgh story; it stands for New Town *v.* Old, Heriot Row *v.* Jamaica Street, as well as for Good *v.* Evil. Mr. McLaren is always lively and rewarding when he re-creates atmosphere and draws on his own memories and experience to enlarge our appreciation. He has known Edinburgh fathers like Thomas Stevenson, and so does not misjudge that fascinating character as a repressive Victorian paterfamilias. His childhood in the New Town makes it plain to him that the *Garden of Verses* evoked not any child's feelings, but a "nice" Edinburgh child's. *Stevenson and Edinburgh* is frankly intended to convey a personal impression and it may be pedantic to ask for more.

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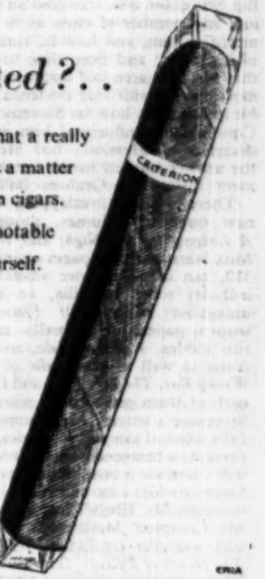

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But Stevenson left, scattered all through his writing, any number of clues as to what Edinburgh meant to him, and how he turned it to account in his work; and from time to time one wishes that Mr. McLaren had buttressed his impressions more firmly with this evidence. He speculates, for instance, on how far Stevenson's nurse, Alison Cunningham, influenced him with her Calvinist doctrine of salvation; but Stevenson provided the answer himself in the autobiographical fragment quoted by Graham Balfour in his *Life*.

There is little overlapping between the two new omnibus volumes, though both include *A Lodging for the Night* and *Weir of Hermiston*. Miss Stern, with 731 pages against Mr. Hampden's 312, can afford a more adventurous taste; she includes some juvenilia, an extract from the unfamiliar *Memoir Of Fleeming Jenkin*, two student papers on Umbrellas and Nomenclature, two Fables, a Moral Tale, and the Edinburgh *Notes* as well as the whole of *Prince Otto*, *The Wrong Box*, *The Ebb Tide*, and four short stories—each of them prefaced by relevant extracts from Stevenson's letters. Mr. Hampden, with his carefully selected samples of stories, essays and poems presents a balanced view of Stevenson. His book will stimulate a taste rather than satisfy it; Miss Stern provides a six-course meal. Of the Macdonald volumes, Mr. Elwin's includes most of the essays, Mr. Compton Mackenzie's most of the stories and *nouvelles* (including *Jekyll and Hyde* and *The Beach of Falesá*). The Falcon Press and Grey Walls selections are on an altogether smaller scale—sixty poems in the one; in the other, nineteen prose pieces, most of them extracts from novels, stories and travel books.

Each of these new editions carries an introduction, which is in some degree biographical. Mr. Hampden considers the vicissitudes of Stevenson's reputation. Mr. Elwin discusses the Stevenson legend. Mr. Mackenzie writes on what Stevenson has meant to him, and has some entertaining memories of the three friends of Stevenson whom he has known: Sidney Colvin, "always cold and hostile," Henry James and Edmund Gosse, "always kind and full of encouragement." Miss Stern's three introductions, and her presentation of the works generally, reveal an affectionate and imaginative sympathy with the circumstances of Stevenson's life.

J. A. S.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphony. BEETHOVEN: No. 4, B flat major (Vienna Phil./Furtwängler. DB21099-103). Furtwängler's reading of this symphony—and not only of this one—is perhaps better regarded as an occasional treat than as the staple recorded performance, which is Weingartner's rather than Toscanini's more brilliant one. A concentration on wringing the utmost beauty from every passage may make Furtwängler's admirers uneasy for the whole shape; but how beautiful each passage is. The extreme *pianissimo*, the *accel* and *rit* which accompany *cresc* and *dim* are not applied effects, but sincerely and deeply felt, integral to the reading. The Vienna Philharmonic plays ravishingly, though you may have to fiddle with the controls a bit before the recording sounds right.

Concertos. BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 1, C major (Gieseking/Philharmonia. LX1312-5). Gieseking's performance has changed little from his earlier recording with members of the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Rosbaud, which is still available, except to become in places slightly more emphatic. But in the present set the orchestra (whose conductor is unnamed) is recorded more heavily, with a disconcerting immediacy; and its playing lacks the sensitive grading of the old one. The end of side 7 blasts. On the whole I prefer the less robust version. TCHAIKOVSKY: Piano Concerto No. 1, B flat minor (Solomon/Philharmonia/Dobrowen. C3996-9). Even when Solomon is not a warm player, he is a most eloquent one. By avoiding Petri's Lisztian treatment or an over-impassioned approach he makes the work fresher and more beautiful than it sometimes seemed to be, and the proportions of its construction are clearly realised. The orchestra plays well, and recording is good. The best set available since Rubinstein's.

Overtures. MOZART: *Die Zauberflöte* (RPO/Beecham. DB21023). The best single version, though close comparison with Beecham's Berlin State Opera Orchestra one (in the complete set) can cast significant light on present-day English orchestral playing. Recording is clear and immediate. ROSSINI: *La Gazza Ladra* (Philharmonia/Galliera. DX1680). Better, both in performance and recording, than either Beecham's or Toscanini's. The long-scale control of volume and pace is admirable.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. J. STRAUSS, JNR.: *Wiener Blut* (Vienna Phil./Karajan. LX1321). I have never found Karajan's Wiener Walzer quite ideal. Unlike Krips, his heart does not find a natural beat in lilting 3/4; but the disc is well up to the level of the series, and enjoyable. CHOPIN: arr. Gretchaninov: *Les Sylphides* (New York Phil.-Sym. Orch./Kurtz. DX1682-4). A pretty swell set, with scoring, playing and recording matched in glamour. WEBER, scored Berlioz: *Aufforderung zum Tanz* (Philharmonia/Markevitch. C4018). This is a nicely contrived performance, well recorded, with a tender regard for Weber's programme. Under a succession of good conductors the Philharmonia is turning into a crack versatile instrument. See following. TCHAIKOVSKY: *Capriccio Italien* (Philharmonia/Kletzki. LX8736-7). A dazzling display, and the recording clear and well balanced. This supersedes earlier versions; the new Danish Broadcasting Orch./Malko version not yet to hand. WALFORD DAVIES: *Solemn Melody* and HANDEL: *Largo* (Geraint Jones (organ)/Philharmonia String Orch./Weldon. DX-1681). Walford Davies scored his piece with a massiveness inappropriate to its brevity or content; and the engineers have nursed up the string tone to a super-normal fatness. Both sides make a disagreeably inflated impression, and the whole thing smacks of English religiosity. MENDELSSOHN: Octet in E flat, Op. 20—Scherzo and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—Scherzo (NBC Sym. Orch./Toscanini. DB21105). A pretty worthless coupling. Although the playing is precise, the size of the orchestra is too cumbersome for much delicacy to be achieved. Like most of the American recording in this batch, it is better than usual. STRAVINSKY: *Pétrouchka* (Orch. de la Suisse Romande/Ansermet. AX328-32). The performance is already familiar in its long-playing version. Why, you ask, another ordinary set? Comparison with the LPO/Ansermet records soon shows why—the infinitely superior orchestral playing (which adds subtlety to the other's drive) and a high-strung recording, brilliant and clear.

ANDREW PORTER

(*To be concluded*)

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There was a young person of NANTES
Who said to her mother "I can't
Believe they are brought
In the way you report
And I fear I have proof that they AREN'T."
A. J. R.

*A moralist lived at Sedan
Who thought table-tennis was wrong;
It's a curious thing
That he didn't mind Ping,
But swooned at the mention of Pong.
PIBWOB

*One night a young lady of Carcassonne
Awoke in her room, which was dark as on
A midwinter night,
And the light wouldn't light,
As the workmen had marked the "off" mark as "on."
LEONARD F. BEHRENS

There was a young lady of Nice
Who was wanted by—first the police;
You may take it for granted
That other folks wanted,
But the Force simply left her no peace!
ANON

*There was a young lady of Calais
Who wanted to visit the Hallé,
So she swam o'er the Channel
Wrapped up in red flannel
Singing "Oui Oui, Fol-de-rol, Barbirolli!"
FERDINAND

*There was a young lady named Clarice
Who lived in the city of Paris;
She wandered with Sartre
The streets of Montmartre
But married a chap called Bert Harris.
H. A. C. EVANS

There was a young lady of Nimes
Who murdered herself in a dream,
Since when she repeats
To all whom she meets
"I'm much more defunct than I seem!"
LITTLE BILLEE

*There was once an eccentric of Metz,
Who filled up his villa with pets.
They swarmed on all floors,
Both at windows and doors,
Which just left an outhouse for vets.
LESLIE JOHNSON

*There was a young lady of Nantes
Who was troubled by certain old aunts
So she buried the lot

On her vegetable plot,
And grew some remarkable plants.

COLIN SHAW

*There was a fair dame of Toulouse
Who had no reputation to lose.
When she revelled at night
Her friends thought her too tight
And her enemies thought her too loose.

A. M. SAYERS

A modest young maiden of Rennes
Would have nothing to do with the mennes.
But one day at Versailles
She was kissed on the Slailles
Now she goes there agennes and agennes.

A. C. COSSINS

*There was a young man of Marseilles,
Who never could master his Sceilles,
Till a girl from Bordeaux
Showed him how they should geaux;
Now he's just like a dog with two teilles.

A. C. COSSINS

A bilingual scribe of Harfleur
A tous ses amis faisait peur
Par des romans à clef
In which he and they
Paraded sans masque et sans mœurs.

D. E. C. CAVE

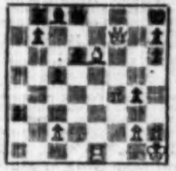
There was a young lady of Nantes
Who lived with a miserly aunt
When asked to a ball
Said "I've no clothes at all,
I must borrow the plumes of my tante."

S. LITTMANN

CHESS: Middle Game not uncharted

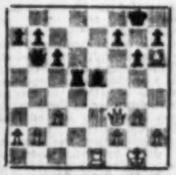
No. 59

Once before I commented on the high spirit of adventure when, out of the shallows of the opening and with no safe endgame port yet in sight, we find ourselves merrily adrift on the uncharted ocean of the middle game. We may well set out with the accumulated wisdom of a thousand books to pilot us past the cliffs and shoals; and if we survive to approach port we can again call for the pilot as soon as we suspect those seemingly placid waters to be infested by dangerous currents and cross-currents. Yet, having seen last week how even the most experienced pilot may be baffled by the most harmless-looking endgame, we might as well be adrift in mid-ocean. Nor need a middle game be quite unchartable. Why, there's even such a thing as "middle game studies." Here is one by Paul Heuäcker (1938): White to move and win. If I offered it for a competition it might spoil a good many weekends. So I had better explain that the key-move is B-B4. It will soon be evident why any other B-move could be thwarted by (1) . . . B-K3. Black might play this anyway, answered by (2) RxB. If now (2) . . . B-B1, White mates by (3) Q-Kt8 ch., followed by (4) R-Kt6 ch., etc. If (2) . . . Q-KB1, White plays (3) RxB, and if now Black takes the R, White can play (4) B-Q3! averting as well as threatening mate (and thereby justifying the key-move!). There are a good many other variations, as obvious as (1) . . . B-Q2, (2) R-K8 ch., or (1) . . . B-K2, (2) B-Q3, Q-Kt1, (3) QxB, etc. But the stiffest defence could be put up by (1) . . . B-K4, with the sequel (2) PxB, P-Kt4 (best), (3) P-K6!, BxP, (4) BxB, Q-KB1, (5) Q-Q7!, Q-Q1, (6) Q-QR7! White must now win a P, and the endgame, though hardly demonstrable, is clearly won.



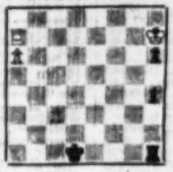
This is not a "middle-game study," but a position actually brought about in a "skittle" a good many years ago. Black played QxKtP, and White won brilliantly by Q-B6. How did he? And how could Black have saved his game even now, if he had thought of something much better than QBP (the move he actually played)? This, of course, will be child's play for our competitors, even simpler than this famous study by Rinck. White to move and win. It is a classic with a most instructive idea.

A: ? —

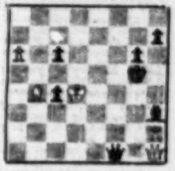


So as to provide at least one headache for our crack-solvers, here is a study by Gaerths that would have to rate a good many points if our ladder competition (due to start before Christmas) were now on. White to move and win. In lieu of a hint I will merely warn competitors of one very tempting (and rather obvious) line that just fails to "work."

B: H. Rinck



C: Gaerths, 1950



Usual Prizes. Entries by November 27.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set October 21

A: (1) P-R7, R-Kt4 ch., (2) K-K6, R-QR4, (3) K-B7, K-R3, (4) R-B6 ch., K-R2, (5) R-B5! etc.

B: (1) K-B8, B-Kt5 ch., (2) RxB, BxP, (3) R-R4 ch., B-R2, (4) R-QKt4, P-Q7, (5) RxP, P queens, (6) R-Kt8 ch., BxR. If (1) . . . BxP, (2) RxB, P-Q7, (3) RxP, B-R3 ch., (4) K-B7, P queens, (5) R-Kt8 ch., K-R2, (6) R-Kt7 ch., BxR.

Many competitors stumped by B. Prizes shared by J. R. Harman, M. Kaye, F. A. Rhoden, A. Rutherford. The story of the lovesick chessmaster produced some amusing concoctions, notably by J. R. Harman, R. Russell and R. L. D. Clarke who has earned the prize by one of his entries. No space to print it here, but it will appear in book form before very long.

ASSIAC

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

PORTUGAL. Perfect winter climate. Plentiful food. Ideal all year bathing, glorious beach. Write Pensao Sol, Praia da Rocha.

NORFOLK. Paying guests received in large modernised country house, large grounds, own produce, on bus route, Norwich 6 miles, from 5gns. Box 9031.

HIGHFIELD Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, have a few vacancies for Christmas and New Year. Magnificent views, interesting meals and friendly atmosphere. Write Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac: The Lawns Hotel, facing sea, offers every comfort and good food. Now booking for Xmas. Terms 21s. per day, minimum 4 days. Reduction for week or more. Winter terms 4½gns. per week. Resident proprietors. 'Phone 291.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Kathleen Batten provides good food and a friendly atmosphere. You can golf, walk or be lazy. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

THE Old Hope Anchor, Rye, regrets to inform its clients that it must close this winter but will re-open on March 14.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Johnson & Paget, Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

WESTERN Lake District. Irton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmrook 42.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court Hotel. 33 rooms, 1 acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food, 21s. dly., 6gns. wkly. inclusive. Tel.: 1944.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Loveliest country house among Cornwall's finest beaches. Golf St. Endoc (Rock). Surf-bathing, Polzeath. Open all year. Port Isaac 234.

AMERSHAM, Bucks. Charming vegetarian or food reform guest house in the Chiltern Hills. Pleasant garden of 2 acres overlooking open country; 5 mins. station; H. & C. all rooms, home-grown fruit & vegetables. Winter vacancy for business couple at special tariff. Mr. & Mrs. Woolfrey, Arolyn, Stanley Hill Avenue, Amersham. Tel. 1334.

SWITZERLAND. Convalescence, holidays, winter sports, ski-school, 3,370ft. high Guest House. Comfort, excellent cuisine, personal attention. 14 francs dly., inc. Write brochure: "Le Cerisier," Caux-sur-Montreux.

RIVIERA. Hotel Westminster, Cap Martin (nr. Monte Carlo). Ideally situated overlooking sea. Sunbathing terrace. Extremely moderate terms. H. & c. all rooms.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

OXON. You can spend the autumn and winter in warmth and comfort without fear of river mists at Croft House Hotel, Burcot, Oxon. Good food; perfect for a honeymoon. Tel. Clifton Hampden 32.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrms. Terms, Oct.-May, 3½-5gns. Tel. Hastings 5110.

TINTAGEL, Cornwall. Hotel Camelot offers peace and comfort in happy atmosphere. Brochure on request.

SUSSEX. Relax in lovely country within reach sea. Comfy beds. Own produce. 3 acres. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Eastbourne line). 'Phone: Horeham Rd. 32.

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WAYFARERS Restaurant of Granville Place, Orchard Street, W.1, MAY. 5125, have opened a Branch Establishment at 33 Oxford Street, W.1, GER. 4713 (opposite Frascati) for the service of their teas, coffees, snacks, light meals and Continental Delicatessen. Open till midnight for after-theatre suppers, etc. Fully licensed. Tariff and quality as at Granville Place.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

PIANISTS-Violinists. Rapid Fingering. Flexible wrists, octave playing made easy (pianists), Vibrato (violinists). Descript. bk. "Finger Magic" (2½d. stp.), Director, Cowling Institute, 60 New Oxford St., W.C.1.

REMNANTS Sale, generous household parcels, up to 3 yd. lengths, Cotton Prints, assorted floral, striped, plain, 25s. parcel; Woven Gingham, small check & tartan pattern, 30s.; Irish Linen, pastel shades, cream, white, 30s.; Winceyette, white and coloured, 21s.; Silks and Satins, lovely assortment, 30s. parcel; send 6d. for catalogue of bargain remnant parcels. Celic, Ltd., Dept. 23, Mail Order Stores, Bedford.

PARACHUTES. 1. Pure white heavy English silk or primrose nylon, each panel 36in. ×132in., 3in. at top, 2 panels 15s., 4 panels 27s. 6d., 8 panels 52s. 6d. New Irish linen lengths (a) Natural shade 6yds. × 24in. each 21s., 6yds. × 32in. each 27s.; (b) White, 6yds. × 24in. each 22s. 6d., 6yds. × 32in. each 28s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 139/143 Stoke Newington High St., London, N.16.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

CONTEMPORARY Art Society: Anyone wishing to join should apply to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1. Annual subs. from 1gn.

LECTURE Hall. Seat 250. Available evenings Thursday to Saturday and Saturday afternoons (not Sunday, not political meetings). Equipment for refreshments. Apply Secretary, Mary Ward Settlement, 5/7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. EUSton 1816.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.10, of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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TIDMAN'S Sea Salt for aches and pains. Nature's tonic. Insist on Tidman's.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3889/6046.

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INVISIBLE Mending on all garments—7-day Service. Hosiery Mending 3-day Service. Post or call. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 156 Strand, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

MEMORY: Use Mnemonicons for platform, stage, study, daily routine. Apply for The Gigantic Device, 5s. Mnemo, Room 22 (N.S.N.), 3 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1.

SO much the better if you smoke the famous Crescent Mixture, the supreme Coltsfoot blend. 2s. 6d. per 4oz., post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

FURNISHING Fabric Sale, tax free, attractive, hard wearing fine weave hessian, for loose covers, curtains, lovely shades, gold, sky, brown, wine, maize, width 40in., 3s. 9d. yard; send 6d. for range of samples. Celic, Ltd., Dept. 23, Mail Order Stores, Bedford.

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TURNSTILE Press. Complete list of published books and descriptive announcements of forthcoming titles now ready. Sent anywhere free. 10 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

WHEN you are in London please come and see our stock of Christmas Books & Cards. We are near the Brompton Oratory & Pont Street. Temple Fortune Bookshop, Ltd., 5 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. KEN. 0221.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., S.W.1. 'Phone VICtoria 0827.

PRE-WAR Novels wanted. No pocket editions. Please quote to J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & H. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6900. Books bought.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FRIENDLY and delightful former inn in Colchester. Redecorated and modernised throughout with two bathrooms. Freehold. £2,050 only. Write Nan Cuerden, The Whalebone, 22 East Hill, Colchester.

MARKET Garden, 1 acre Battle. Glass, tools, well-stocked, £500. Caravan available 5 months. Suit retired active couple, needing occupation. Box 8996.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed a few weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in the Department of Botany. The salary scale is £550 × £25-£800 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance; at present £208 per annum for a married man and £80 per annum for a single person. Applications (with copies of testimonials), should state age, experience, qualifications and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1 (from whom a memorandum giving the general conditions of appointment should be obtained), not later than December 15, 1950. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date.

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service, Nigeria. Woman Nutrition Officer required to investigate and advise upon nutrition problems. Post is permanent and pensionable. Salary scale, including pensionable expatriation allowance £660-£1,300. Free passages on appointment and leave. Generous home leave with full pay. Income tax at local rates much lower than in United Kingdom. Candidates should preferably be University graduates and must hold a Diploma in Dietetics. Further particulars and application forms obtainable on written request to Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), Sanctuary Bldgs., Gt. Smith St., London, S.W.1, quoting ref. 27321/4.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Assistant Experimental Officer to be filled by competitive interview. The posts are in various Government Departments and divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Engineering Subjects, and (d) Miscellaneous (including, e.g. Library and Technical Information Services). No further applications can be accepted from Biologists, Geologists or Meteorologists. Interviews will be held throughout the remainder of the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1950, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Candidates must be at least 17½ years and under 26 years of age (or under 31 for established Civil Servants of the Assistant (Scientific) Class) on August 1, 1950; time spent on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces may be deducted from actual age. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification; but candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Higher qualifications will be regarded as an advantage to candidates over the age of 20. The inclusive London salary scale (men) is £230-£490. Salaries for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Act. Further particulars and forms of application from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3068.

THE Civil Service Commissioners give notice that the closing date for the receipt of completed application forms for the Normal Open Competitions of 1951 for the Administrative Class of the Home Civil Service (Method II), Special Departmental Classes (Method II), Senior Branch of the Foreign Service, and Govt. Communications Headquarters has been extended to Nov. 30, 1950.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Education Officer based in Aberdeen or Edinburgh. The successful applicant will be required to visit schools in his area in connection with School Broadcasting; to hold meetings and discussions with teachers and with educational bodies. General educational experience of as varied a nature as possible is essential. This should include experience of teaching in school and a good knowledge of the educational system. Starting salary £745 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 per annum maximum. If the successful candidate wishes, the Corporation will endeavour to arrange secondment with the present employer. Applications must be made on the prescribed form which, together with further details of the post and information on the superannuation position of teachers serving with the B.B.C., can be obtained from Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope and mark correspondence "Education, Scotland, N. Stm." The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms is 14 days from the date of this insertion.

CENTRAL Council for Health Education invites applications for the appointment of Educational Psychologist. Salary scale £800 × £25 to £900. Commencing salary for the successful applicant may be £900 or at any intermediate point on the scale according to qualifications and experience. By arrangement with the Council the successful applicant can spend one day a week in maintaining clinical experience. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned: Robert Sutherland, Medical Adviser and Secretary, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Sq., W.C.1. Applications must be submitted within a fortnight of date of advertisement.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Documentary Scriptwriter, in the Television Service. The duties will include the development of ideas for television documentary programmes, the writing of documentary scripts, and the reading and adapting of submitted scripts and existing material. The successful candidate (who will be required to work at Alexandra Palace or Lime Grove) will not be asked to produce the programmes. Applicants should have had experience in the fields of radio feature writing, film documentary work and/or journalism. Applicants with wide contacts will have an advantage. Starting salary £925 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £1,195 per annum, maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Documentary Scriptwriter, A.P., N. Stm."

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Drama Script Assistant, Television Service, Marylebone Rd., W.1. Duties will include reading and reporting on plays and other potential material for Television Drama Department, and preparation of television scenario scripts. Qualifications required include a wide general and professional knowledge of and interest in, plays and players, creative imagination and adaptability, a special interest in the developments and explorations of a new dramatic medium and critical acumen. Knowledge of foreign languages would be regarded as an additional advantage. Starting salary £745 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 per annum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Drama Script Assistant N. Stm." For acknowledgment please enclose s.a.e.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Programme Assistant, German Service. Duties include primarily, work on a special half-hour political programme for the Soviet Zone of Germany, broadcast five times weekly, and periods of detached duty in Berlin of up to four months in the year. Candidates must have a British background, with first-class knowledge of German, and a good voice for broadcasting in that language. Journalistic experience, especially of writing in German, and an up-to-date knowledge of Germany and Eastern European conditions, are additional desirable qualifications. Starting salary £745 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 per annum maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "P.A., German N. Stm." For acknowledgement enclose stamped add. envelope.

LEEDS College of Art. Principal: E. E. Pullee, A.R.C.A., F.S.A.E. Applications are invited for two posts, duties to begin on January 1, 1951, or earlier. (a) Head of School of Sculpture and Ceramics. Candidates should be well qualified and experienced sculptors, interested in the educational value of sculpture and modelling as part of art education. Knowledge and experience in pottery would be an advantage. Subject to the conditions governing recognised full-time teaching service, the successful candidate would be expected to maintain his professional practice. Salary according to the Burnham Scale, £700-£25-£850, plus allowances for approved training and degree or equivalent qualification. (b) Instructor in Jewellery in the School of Design. Head of School: Eric W. Taylor, R.E., A.R.C.A. Candidates should have had a broad training, with industrial experience; their qualifications in drawing and design should be of a high standard. Ability to teach additional crafts or subjects is desirable but not essential. Applicants should be conversant with the City & Guilds of London Institute Examinations and the Ministry of Education Intermediate and National Diploma Examinations. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Scale, £300-£15-£555. Initial salary includes allowances for war service, teaching and industrial experience. For a suitably qualified candidate, this post may carry a special allowance of £50. Further particulars and form of application, to be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement, may be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to the undersigned. George Taylor, Chief Education Officer, Education Department, Leeds 1.

SOCIAL research in tuberculosis requires woman graduate social worker to carry out survey in Scotland, 40 miles radius of Edinburgh, minimum one year. Previous medical work not essential, but preference to graduate with nursing experience. Travelling allowance and other expenses provided. Own car an advantage. Salary £500, or higher according to experience. Details of survey from address below. Applications, with copies of three testimonials, to be sent in before December 15, 1950, to Miss A. J. Weir, NAPT-Scottish Branch, 65 Castle Street, Edinburgh, 2.

MAIDSTONE Grammar School (600 boys). Head Master's Secretary (non-resident) required from Jan. 1. Experience in a responsible post, shorthand, typing and book-keeping essential. Salary, according to age, £316 to £352, which the Governors might increase for exceptional qualifications. Apply at once to the Head Master, stating age, education and exp., and enclosing testimonials and refs.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science. (University of London). Applications are invited for the post of Registrar. Salary £700 a year, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,100, with superannuation benefits and family allowance. Starting salary according to experience and qualifications. Candidates should be graduates with substantial experience of college or university administration, preferably in a Registrar's department. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2, by whom applics. should be received by November 27.

THE Co-ordinating Board of Jewish Organisations (accredited as a consultant body "B" to E.C.O.S.O.C.) invites applics. for a post of considerable responsibility in its London Office. Candidates should have high quals. (including languages) and should be available to represent the Co-ordinating Board at U.N. meetings in Europe. Salary in accordance with quals. Applicants should send fullest partics. of education, career, and exp. in Jewish affairs (specialised and general) to: Secretary, Co-ordinating Board, Fourth Floor, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, London, W.C.1.

SOUTH Oaks, a 229-bed psychiatric hospital environs New York City, has vacant two fellowships in psychiatry $3,000 each with full maintenance to begin January 1, 1951. Apply M. S. Titley, M.D., Sunrise Highway, Amityville, New York.

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. Full-time Educational Psychologist of either sex required as soon as possible for Herts County Child Guidance Clinics and Educational Services. Honours Degree or Diploma in Psychology, Child Guidance Training, and teaching experience required. Experience in Child Guidance Clinics desirable. Salary according to previous experience on Scale I (women—£495 × £20—£560, and men—£550 × £25—£700). Applications (no forms issued) with names of three referees, to be sent to County Education Officer, County Hall, Hertford, from whom further particulars may be obtained, within two weeks from the date of the appearance of this advertisement.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Islington, Public Health Department. Appointment of Secretary (Female). Applications are invited for the position of Secretary to the Medical Officer of Health on the permanent staff of the Council at a salary in accordance with the Higher Clerical Division of the National Joint Scale of Salaries, viz., £354 × £12-£390 plus appropriate London "Weighting," up to £30 per annum. Applicants must be competent Shorthand Typists and have had previous secretarial experience. The person appointed will also be required to perform supervisory duties. Applications, stating age, experience, qualifications, and names and addresses of two referees, must be forwarded to the Medical Officer of Health, Town Hall, Upper St., N.1, so as to reach him not later than Nov. 25, 1950. Testimonials may also be required to be produced. H. Dixon Clark, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Upper St., N.1.

ASSISTANT Occupational Therapist (male) required at St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. Salary £340-390 p.a. if qualified. Applications from unqualified Therapists may be considered, salary £290-340. Conditions of service as laid down by the Joint Negotiating Committee. The post, which is non-resident, will be subject to the provisions of the National Health Service Superannuation Regulations and the passing of a medical examination. No house available. Applications, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with the names of two referees, should be forwarded, within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement, to the Physician Superintendent.

LONDON County Council. Applications invited from women for appointments as assistant organisers of children's care work in Education Officers' Dept. Duties largely concerned with training and advising voluntary workers in social work in connection with schools. Social science diploma or similar qualification desirable. Candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £375 × £25-£500 a year. Senior positions normally filled by promotion. Application forms, obtainable from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2), County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary), returnable by Dec. 1, 1950. Canvassing disqualifies. (1410)

JEWISH Board of Guardians. Samuel Lewis Seaside Convalescent Home for Recuperative Holidays, Walton-on-the-Naze, Essex. Applications are invited for the post of Matron for this Home, which accommodates 60 women and 20 men. Applicants must be experienced State Registered Nurses, fully capable of administering a home of this size, including engagement and control of staff. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Scales, with full residential emoluments. Excellent quarters. Applications, stating fullest particulars, together with copies of testimonials, should be sent to the Secretary, 127 Middlesex St., Bishopsgate, London, E.1.

APPLICATIONS invited by Y.W.C.A. from those interested in Club work for all ages on a Christian basis. Previous relevant experience or willingness to take training essential. Apply by letter, Training & Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. National Offices, 108 Baker St., London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FAMILY Research. Professional organisation offers post-graduate training in Bureaux in London, undertaking clinical research in family relationships, to psychologists, sociologists and others with professional experience in clinical work, case work or personnel work. Applicants should be between the ages of 25 and 45. Salary according to experience and qualifications, starting at not less than £400 p.a. for full-time work. Part-time workers with high professional qualifications would also be considered. Applications, giving full particulars and names and addresses of two referees, should be sent not later than November 27 to the Secretary, Family Discussion Bureaux, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officer. Applications are invited for appointment as Visiting Officer (female) in the Children's Department. The duties of the person appointed will include the visiting of children's Homes, boarding out, and visits to the homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into the care of the County Council. Preference will be given to candidates who have a diploma or certificate in Social Science, with special training or experience in child welfare. The salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the person appointed but will not exceed £495 a year. The Scheme of Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services as from time to time amended, and as adopted by the County Council, is at present applicable to persons appointed on the established staff. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination to the satisfaction of the Council. Applications giving full particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference can be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than November 30, 1950. Canvassing directly or indirectly is forbidden. John E. Lightburn, Clerk of the County Council.

CITY of Norwich. Applications are invited for the following vacancies: (1) Assistant Children's Officer at a salary in accordance with Grade II of the A.P.T. Division of the Scale of Salaries, i.e., £420 rising by annual increments of £15 to £465 per annum. Applicants should have practical experience of work with children and a complete knowledge of all branches of work of a Children's Department (including adoptions), and be capable of combining administrative duties with case work. (2) Children's Visitor, at a salary in accordance with Grade I of the A.P.T. Division of the Scale of Salaries, i.e., £390 rising by annual increments of £15 to £435 per annum. Preference will be given to applicants with experience in the visiting of children and a knowledge of the regulations relating to boarding out, adoptions and children placed with foster parents for reward. In both cases the possession of the Home Office Boarding Out Visitors' Certificate, Diploma in Social Science, or similar qualification, will be an advantage. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and present appointment, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Town Clerk, City Hall, Norwich, not later than Nov. 27.

DORSET County Council. Children Act, 1948. Applications are invited for the joint appointment of Superintendent and Matron for a Children's Home in Dorset. It is proposed that this Home shall be adapted as a Reception/Observation Centre with a capacity of about 45 children, at a date to be decided by the Children's Committee. Salary in the first instance will be Superintendent £265 × £15 × £310, Matron £235 × £15 × £280, plus full residential emoluments in both cases valued at £180 per annum. As from the date of the establishment of the Reception/Observation Centre the salaries will be increased by £75 per annum for the Superintendent and £25 per annum for the Matron. Applicants should be between 30-45 years of age. Superintendent. Must have had experience and training in the residential care of children with particular reference to the assessment of the needs of deprived children and be capable of organising staff for this specialised work. Practical capacity and interest in the activities of children is essential, together with ability and willingness to participate in all aspects of running the Home. Matron. Must be experienced in all aspects of household management and willing to engage personally in these duties. Interest in the care of deprived children and in meeting their special needs is essential. Nursing experience an advantage. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the County Children's Officer, County Hall, Dorchester, to whom they should be returned not later than Nov. 30, 1950. C. P. Brutton, Clerk of the County Council.

BOURNEMOUTH Education Committee.—Experienced full-time Leader required for Embassy Girls' Club (with Mixed activities). Salary in accordance with the Burnham Scale for qualified Assistant Women Teachers (£270 x £12 to £444). Commencing salary will be based on qualifications and previous experience in teaching and full-time and part-time Youth Service. Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the Education Officer, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of full-time Educational Field Worker. The successful applicant will maintain contact with Youth Groups, Adult groups and classes over a 400 square mile area. Organising ability essential. Full details of duties and terms of appointment, together with special form, on which applications must be made not later than December 1, 1950, are obtainable upon written request to Education Secretary, South Suburban Co-operative Society Limited, 82 Croydon Road, Penge, S.E.20.

SMALL Co-educational Boarding School, beautiful surroundings, requires qualified Master in English subjects. Housemaster's duties aiming at efficient discipline and cultural standards. Box 9460.

HANDICRAFTS Tutor (woman) required for Educational Settlement in South Wales. Experience with Women's Clubs desirable. Salary: £250 p.a. Reply, giving details of experience and names of two referees, to the Warden, Oxford House Educational Settlement, Risca, Mon.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset (co-educational), requires in Jan. (a) Science Master; Burnham Scale. Govt. superannuation. (b) Matron-housemother; salary according to qualifications and experience. Apply to the Principal.

RECOGNIZED Co-educational Day School requires January (Preparatory ages) Qualified Master English subjects, aiming at real cultural standards and efficiency. Box 9459.

THE Trades Union Congress invites applications for the post of Assistant in its Research and Economic Dept. Sound knowledge of economics and related subjects essential. Further partics. of the appointment may be obtained before Dec. 9, 1950, from: Sir Vincent Tewson, C.B.E., M.C., Trades Union Congress, Transport House, Smith Sq., S.W.1.

TRADE Union Head Office, London, require Research Worker—initiative, knowledge of general office work an advantage. Salary £546 p.a., permanency to suitable applicant—superannuation scheme. State age, education, experience, etc. Box 9122.

MASTER Ladies Tailors' Organisation require Male Secretary. Applicants must have previous experience in organising and taking full control of offices and staff. When applying, please state qualifications, experience, age and salary required. All applications will be treated in the strictest confidence and should be addressed to the President, Master Ladies Tailors' Organisation, 245/9, Whitechapel Rd., London, E.1, and marked on top left-hand corner "Secretarial Application."

INTERNATIONAL Art Institute invites applications for post of General Secretary. Only those with wide experience, and ability in organising art exhibitions, plays, music, etc., need apply, stating age, qualifications, nationality and knowledge of languages. Write Box 9603.

ASSISTANT in Editorial Department required. Knowledge of Spanish essential. Write, giving full particulars of qualifications and salary required, to The Linguaphone Institute, 207 Regent St., London, W.1.

GARDENER-handyman and Assistant Matron needed in small Boarding School for boys and girls in beautiful house and grounds, Leicestershire. Box 9463.

POULTRY, lambs, bees. Opening for country-lover. Clare, Doddington, Kent.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FRENCHMAN (with English wife) seeks employment. Four years' administrative experience directing French government office Germany. Previously Army service. Fluent English, knowledge German, experienced driver. Interpreter, translator, consider anything. Perrin, c/o Watson, 2 Beacon Hill, N.7.

POST wanted as Youth Club Organiser by ex-Holiday Camp Organiser. Box 9099.

EX-SCHOOLMISTRESS, highly qualified, will teach tinies; Surrey, Sussex preferred. Box 9152.

GENT. B.Sc. (Econ.) "retired," seeks work (coaching or what-not), preferably London. Box 9207.

SOLICITOR (27), now engaged in useful but monotonous job, is anxious to find interesting active, progressive work. Box 9223.

EX-EDITOR, Buenos Aires, financial weekly, age 36. British, 14 years' business and other experience Argentina; fluent Spanish and French; seeks suitable position, preferably Spain or S. America. Box 9226.

PERSONAL

S.M.A. Doctors in Cambridge, Oxford, London: Woman, qualified London 1947, seeks Assistantship with view. Excellent experience and references. Especially interested in group practice. Box 9105.

AVIGNON (30 miles from), completely modernised XVIIth-cent. house in unique position: antique furniture, silver, linen; sleep six; garage; to let for short or longer period. 5 guineas a week. Box 9096.

PATIENTS in Neurosis Hospital suffering from lack of classical music wonder if anyone would donate record player to aid and speed recovery. Box 9108.

MOTHER would mind children daytime. Hampstead. Box 9010.

PERSONAL—continued

GRADUATE woman (Eng. Hons. Oxon.) editorial, teaching, social service experience, novelist, freelance writer, wishes invest in small publishing firm or periodical where opportunity part-time work. Box 8759.

FRENCH girl, early twenties, would like to find English family where she can help with housework, cooking/looking after children in return for her keep and pocket money, and some free time to study English. Box 9210.

TWO or three children 4 to 6 years wanted to share morning lessons. Excellent governess. Baker St. area. Box 9082.

USE of West End office by typist in return for attending to telephone. Box 9128.

LONDON Ext. Ph.D. stud. early 17th-cent. econ. hist. seeks adviser. Box 9137.

MAN experienced teaching foreigners English, including 2½ years Polish Camps, desires similar work. Box 9162.

GIRL, 24 (good cook), training during part of day, wants living-in job London, cooking breakfast and dinner and shopping if required. WEStern 2093, 9-10 a.m.

CHELSEA sculptors'/painters' studio available virtually full-time but not inexpensive. Box 9094.

OLD Rectory on edge of Cotswolds des. paying guest. Already home of one busy author. 5 gns. Box 9136.

WANTED. Someone to look after independent old lady with sense of humour, shaky memory and a few bees in bonnet, whose children feel should no longer live alone. Nice house Hampstead Heath. Box 8997.

YOUNG lady B.A., engaged own research, offers assistance lit./research work. Shorthand typing, languages. Box 9884.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

OFFICE accommodation for associations, sharing offices and essential services, reasonable charges. Write Research Co-ordination Committee, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

FREELANCE editor/writer, London, seeks commissions from publishers, educational or social organisations. Box 8538.

ORGANISING secretary, Adelphi office and wide connections, will undertake management affairs reputable Society or Association. Box 9248.

FOREIGN writer (Greater London) sks. Engl. collaborator-partner. Reql. interest in sociology, lit. ability. No techn. knowledge, no languages. Acad. exp. essnt. Box 9001.

ENGLISH, French by woman grad., evenings, w.-ends. Cent. London. PRI. 1647.

COOKERY the Useful Art, a pleasure not a chore. Varied practical lessons for bachelors, brides and hostess-cooks. Elizabeth Pomeroy, 51 *Hornton St., W.8.* WES. 4297.

CLASSICAL Greek, Tuition by Cambridge graduate, in London area. Box 9119.

PIANO lessons given by first-class teacher, also children's classes. EUS. 3466.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, *South Kensington*, S.W.7. Kensington 8842.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

LESSONS in harmony, counterpoint and piano for beginners. Sheila Robertson, pupil of Nadia Boulanger, 106 Beaufort St., S.W.3. FLAxman 6910.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Broadbury Villas, N.W.6. MAI. 4657.

F. KRAMER gives lessons in Portrait Painting. Flat C, 93 Greencroft Gdns., N.W.6.

GOOD speech. Stage trng., deportment. All exams. Consult an actor, Adrian Harley, late Prince of Wales, Lyric, Hammersmith Theatres, author of "How to Speak" (Pitman), 14 Tavistock Court, W.C.1. EUS. 3466.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

NATIONAL Service. The Central Board for Conscientious Objectors offers its advice to any man intending to register as a C.O. under the National Service Act. Write to: 6 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Köllerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rentals. Apply Gen. Sec., 2-4, Tudor St. E.C.4.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulary cards. 6s. 6d. Florestan Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

INSURE Against Cost of Illness. Medical and nursing home fees for serious illness or operation can amount to substantial sums. Membership of this non-profit Assoc. relieves you of this dread. Booklet with full details free: British United Provident Assoc. (23/40), 61 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

PERSONAL—continued

WHAT shall I do for Christmas? Come to Paris with my small friendly party and enjoy yourself. Cost from London only £19 15s. incl. tours and theatre. John Lamming, Allways, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Tra. 2781.

NERVE manipulation is a therapy of proved value in conditions of fatigue, nervous tension and physical debility. It is a reintegrating treatment, relaxing, stimulating and invigorating. Mr. Stephen, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9000.

MENTON, Cote d'Azur. We are still sunbathing on our terrace, and would welcome a few guests to join us. Reduced between season terms. Box 8882.

A WINTER Sports Holiday or a Christmas House Party in England? Join an informal party of professional people and enjoy a carefree holiday at reasonable all-inclusive cost. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN 0911.

CHRISTMAS on Skis in Tyrol. All ages welcome. Dec. 23-Jan. 2, £21. Dr. Best, Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

XMAS in Paris. A few can still join my party staying in Latin Quarter. Dec. 25-26: £10 18s., Dec. 23-31: £15. Prices incl. fare and full pension. Partics. from Mrs. Robertson, 63 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI 1376. Also individual arrgt. or P.G. arrangements.

SWITZERLAND. Winter sports. Priv. party going Dec. has vacancies. Box 9088.

FRENCH Riviera 10 days' holiday for £32 10s. from London includes coach travel Grenoble to Nice across the Alps and Nice to Marseilles along Mediterranean coast, 7 days' full board in Nice and all meals en route. Write, call/phone, now for details: Contours, Ltd. 72 Newman St. W.1. MUS. 8499 & 6463.

WINTER Sports Christmas Holiday in Switzerland for adults, students, and teen-age children. Prices, including escort, hotel & ski-instruction, etc., from £24 10s. C. Barker, 1 Sough Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

WEEK-end country house parties. London dances. Write now for Christmas programme: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831 or CHA. 5891.

BOOK now for a Christmas or Winter holiday at Y.W.C.A., Ambleside. Gd. fare, Happy companionship. Apply, The Warden.

WELL-fitted stage Leics. Sq. for hire. Plays, Ballets etc. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

GOOD income can be made by story or article writing. Send for "Secrets of Successful Writing," free from Premier School of Journalism, 95 Premier House, 53 Fleet St. London, E.C.4.

THOROUGHLY recommended. 1950 proprietary 4-berth caravan, spring mattresses, fully insulated, divides two compartments, end kitchen, gas cooking, lighting, heating. Equipped. Seriously reduced, £485. Box 8662.

"HINTS on Etiquette," a charming reprint from 1836. With Brian Robb's colour plates. In the shops again for Xmas. 3s. 6d. Turnstile Press, 10, Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON visitors should stay at 98 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, London, W.8. Centrally situated, 2 mins. from trains and buses. Bed & breakfast, double room 20s. Single 10s. 6d. 'Phone BAYswater 5895.

HIGHGATE. Large, recently redecorated furnished room. Separate cooking facilities. Garden. £2 p.w. including all fuel and light. Box 8980.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Square, W.2. 'Phone BAY 4886. Charming, comfortable service rooms with board, reasonable.

CHARMINGLY furn. two-roomed flat in Baker St. area to be let to two business ladies. 3gns. each. Box 9093.

ACCOM. available in refined Jewish home for yng. prof./bus. person. With breakfast/partial board. N.W.2 Dist. Box 9270.

YOUTH House Community (age limits: 18-30), invites applicns. for residence from either sex. Single divan rooms. Vegetarian restaurant. Apply Sec., 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1.

PROF. man or woman, needing fairly perm. London home, appreciating reasonable standard furnishings, domestic help, etc., invited occupy large redec. divan room, doing own cooking, contrib. share exp. with others similarly placed. N.W.8. Box 9127.

FITZJOHN'S Avenue, N.W.3. Single, furn. divan rm., cooking facilities, in pleasant house. Free on perm. or temp. basis during school term time, 2gns. p.w. Box 9121.

PROFESSIONAL couple (Jewish) offer bed sitting-room to business/professional woman. 'Phone GIP. 1047.

CHILTERNS: Fully furn. 17th Century cottage to let until May, 3 bedrms., Aga, telephone, main water, electricity, Illum. garage. 3gns. p.w. Apply Carswell, 36 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3. PRI 8355.

NISSEN hut & 2-roomed bungalow to let, 15s. to 20s. or part rent, part service. Clare, Margaret Manor, Doddington, Kent.

ACCOMMODATION in country bungalow (Hampshire) offered author, and services of shorthand-typist. Box 9236.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

YOUNG couple with country flat offer single bed-sit. with full board, £2 10s. Good food. 2 hrs. main line, London. Suit artist/writer. Coloured person welcomed. Box 9087.

WIDOW (son at boarding school), would share attractive cottage (Suffolk) or let two rooms therein. Mod. cons. Suit educ. woman with special interest. Box 9023.

2-ROOMED furn. flat to let near Reading. Garage available. 3½ guineas. Box 9289.

TO let till June, small thatched furn. cottage, Thurlestone, S. Devon, sleep 2, modern conv., telephone, garden, suit retired couple. Moderate rent. Box 9265.

TO let. Attractive cottage 2½ miles Bala, simply, adequately furnished. H. & C., electric light. Low rent winter. Box 9202.

EXCHANGE 3-room modern flat, c.h., c.h.w., lift, refrigerator, etc. Putney, controlled rent, for larger accommodation in Kensington, Chelsea (flat or house). Box 9141.

2 CIVILIZED students (f.) want cheap flat, unfurn./furn., pref. W. or N.W. Willing re-decorate. Box 9263.

IMPECUNIOUS post-graduate student, London University, seeks small unfurnished flat. Box 9084.

SCHOOLMASTER requires small s.c. furn. flat, London. Box 9040.

FLAT. S./c. modern, with tel., con. Victoria Stn., for prof. gent. Would buy furn. Write: Bums, Ltd., 1,325, London Road, S.W.16. POL. 5281.

BUSINESS man, spare-time interests painting and decorating, urgently needs small, inexpensive flat (furn. or unfurn.) in London where he can express himself. Box 9034.

OPTIMISTIC couple looking for cheap flat, studio/house in London. Might exch. tenancy country cottage. W4. convert, with architect, part of someone's house. Box 9198.

UNFURNISHED 2-3 rooms, kit. and bath, or use of, two single male readers, anywhere London. Box 9194.

BUSINESS lady (widow) requires unfurnished flat, 2 rms., kitchenette and bath, or similar arrangements. Best rent paid. W., S.W. London or suburbs. Box 9169.

YOUNG professional man, med. research worker, having endured three years' hostel life, wishes to find accommodation both congenial and affording some privacy. Clapham or elsewhere on southern line. Garage or space if possible. Box 9143.

SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3, Ham 2019. A progressive day school for boys and girls age 5-18.

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking. There is now only one Dane Court Prep. School for Boys. Sensible schooling in appropriate setting. Good food. Reas. fees. No exp. preps.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 3 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd. N.W.11.

THE Middle Way in Education has been practised for the last 2 years with very promising results at a Preparatory School for boys and girls on the Suffolk coast. Progressive methods have made for mental freedom without sacrificing good manners, a high standard of work and general cleanliness. Exceptionally gd. food and very pleasant background. Pinewoods & sea. Prop.: Stanwell Hall, Suffolk.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm. T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9-18. After S.C. pupils prepared for Univ. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

A PROGRESSIVE School in the North. The Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancashire has 50 boys & girls aged 4 to 13; & in a homely atmosphere & ideal surroundings lays a sound foundation for their future.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlkg. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc., Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1951 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A progressive day school for boys and girls 5-14. Directors: John A. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby, (Recog. Ministry.) 100 boys and girls, 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome, vigorous community life. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7.0 (ex. Mon.). Sat. & Sun. 4 & 8. "Preserving Mr. Panmure." Mems.

UNITY. EUS 5391. Herb Tank's "Longitude 49." Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. Adults only.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St., W.C.2. "Late Joys" nightly. Members.

PADDINGTON Hall Theatre (BAY. 3323). Première of "The Corn King" Ritual Opera, by Brian Easdale—5 performances only. Tues., 21st, to Sat., Nov. 25th at 8 p.m. Tickets from theatre or usual agencies.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Dec. 3: Marx Bros. in "Monkey Business" (U). Chaplin in "The Cure" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 4244. Nov. 19, 7.30: "A Handful of Rice" (A) (Swedish).

NEW Era Film Club (Central London), Nov. 9, 23 & 24. Two special Shows. "Battleship Potemkin" (USSR), Michael Scott's Epic Film on South Africa, and two other films. Book early. Details membership and tickets: A. Miller, 40a Hermon Hill, E.11.

I.C.A. Film Season: 7.45 p.m. Mon. Nov. 20. French Inst., Queensbury Pl., S. Kensington. "Partie de Campaigne" and specially selected shorts. Tkts., mems. 3s., guests 5s., or complete season, mems. £1 10s., guests £2 15s., from Inst. of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St. W.1, only. GRO. 6186.

STUTTGART Chamber Orchestra. Conductor, Karl Munchinger. Sun., Nov. 26, at 7.30. Royal Opera House. Mozart Programme. Soloist, Bruce Barbour. 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Mon., Nov. 27, at 7. Central Hall, Westminster. Bach Programme, "The Art of the Fugue." 3s. to 10s. 6d. Tickets at Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAY. 7600 and all ticket agents.

LONDON Symphony Orchestra, Josef Krips, Richard Glas. This Sun. at 3. Royal Albert Hall. All Brahms Prog., 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. KEN. 8212 & agts. Presented by London Symphony Orch., Ltd., in Assn. with A.C.Gt.B. (Mgt. Harold Holt, Ltd.)

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Next week's concerts at 8. 21st: Nap de Klijn (violin), Alice Heksch (piano), 1st London perfs.: Bate and Blacher Sonatas, works by Messiaen, van Delden and Flothuis. Duo Concertante (Stravinsky). 23rd: Freda Swain, Myra Verney, Sturdy String Quartet. Works by Swain (piano sonatina, songs and quartet, 1st perf.). Beethoven Quartet. Adm. 5s., 3s., at door, Chappell's, agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Choveaux.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Nov. 19, 6.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Barylli Quartet. Haydn D, Op. 64; Bartok 3; Beethoven A minor. Adm. 1s.

GOLDSBROUGH Orchestra (Presented by The Renaissance Society). Continuo: Basil Lam. Conductor: Arnold Goldsbrough. Chelsea Town Hall, Tues., Nov. 21, at 7.30. Prog. includes: Fantasy a 6 (Lawes); Concerto in B minor for Violin and Strings (1st Modern perf.) (Tartini); Concerto Grosso in A minor, Op. 6 (Handel); Piano Concerto in A major, K414 (Mozart); Concerto Grosso in D major (Corelli); Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 (J. S. Bach). Soloists: Tessa Robbins (Violin), Robert Collet (Piano). Tickets: 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

NOEL Murphy. Recital by the Mezzo-Soprano. Pianoforte: Libusse Novak. Wigmore Hall, Wed., Nov. 22, at 7.30. Lully, Marin Marais, Debussy, Theodore Chanler, Schumann, Schubert. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

DANCE, Sat., Nov. 18, 7.30 p.m. Asian Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Members free. Guests 2s. 6d.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Socy. Dance to first-class band at 81 Portland Place, W.1 (Tel.: LANgham 6593). Sat., Nov. 18, from 7.30-11 p.m. Entr. 2s. Refreshments. Bar for mems. and friends.

I.F.L. Dance, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Sat., Nov. 18, 7.30 p.m. Metron Ares' Band. Tickets at door 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

TROMPE L'Oeil. XVIIth & XVIIIth Century Illusionism. Also recent Paintings by Robert Medley. At the Hanover Gallery, 32a, St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. 10-5.30; Saturdays 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St. W.1. Choice Pieces of Sculpture and First London Exhibition by Jacob Bornfriend.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by some members of The Camden Town Group. Daily 10-5.30; Sats. 10-1.

ASIAN Institute, Irving St., Leicester Sq. Paintings and Drawings by F. N. Souza. Until Nov. 25.

FIGURINES Fantastiques (wax modelled) by Lotte Pritzel, first exhibition in London. 10-5, Sat. 10-1. 92 George St., W.1.

FRENCH Master Drawings of the 18th Century at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until Nov. 25.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Exhibition of "Pointillists and their Period." 10-6, Sat 10-1. Closes Dec. 2.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show daily until 6.0, and on Saturday mornings at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Frames available for each picture, order now for Christmas.

S.E.A. Pictures for Schools exhibition, Whitechapel Art Gallery, High St., London, E.1. November 18 to December 9. Hours: Weekdays (except Mondays), 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Admission free.

PICASSO in Provence. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galls., Old Burlington St. Open till Dec. 16. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6., Tues., Thurs. 10-8. 1s.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., Cambridge Circus, W.C.2. Egyptian, Greek & Indian Sculpture, Early Persian Pottery & Italian Paintings. 10-6 Sats. 10-1.

COLOUR reproductions for gifts: The Phoenix Gallery has a wide selection to choose from, including many French Impressionists. Call Mon.-Fri. (9.30-6), 38 William IV St., W.C.2.

CLAUDE Monet Exhibition at Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Stoneware Pottery by Michael Cardew.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1 Recent Acquisitions—Courbet, Degas, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, etc. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

SCULPTURE by "Bianca"—Princess Loewenstein, Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

PAUL Alexander Gallery. Paintings and Watercolours by Alexander Hodgkinson. Nov. 1-25. 190 Kensington Church St., W.8.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Passfield Trustees announce The First Webb Memorial Lecture on "The History of our Time" by Professor W. K. Hancock, M.A. Monday, November 20, 1950. 5 p.m. in the William Beveridge Hall, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. The Chair will be taken by The Rt. Hon. Lord Samuel, P.C., G.C.B., G.B.E., D.C.L., LL.D. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. The Stamp Memorial Lecture, entitled "Treasury Control," will be given by Sir Edward Bridges at the University of London: Senate House (entrance from Russell Square or Malet St., W.C.1) on Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 5.30 p.m. The chair will be taken by the Rt. Hon. The Viscount Simon. Adm. free, without ticket.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Socy., 81 Portland Place, W.1 (Tel.: LANgham 6593). West Germany and European Rearmament: What this Means to Poland. Speaker: John Eaton. Chair: Naomi Tupper (Editor, "New Poland." Fri., Nov. 17, 7.45. Adm. free. Refreshments. Bar for members and friends.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30 p.m. 20th, "I Was There": "With 14th Army in Jungle," by Bill Carritt. 27th, Monologues and Literary Thoughts, by Rosalind Fuller.

THE Italian Institute, 39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. "Lord Palmerston and Italy," a lecture by Sir Charles Webster, K.C.M.G. Wed., November 22, at 6.30. Entrance free.

RESTORE free discussion with people of other lands. Public Meeting to protest at recent actions of Government in refusing entry of foreign visitors. Beaver Hall, E.C.4 (nr. Mansion House Stn.). Wed. Nov. 22, 7.30 Nat. Council for Civil Liberties.

"THE Teacher's Debt to Rudolf Steiner." Lecture by Miss V. Compton-Burnett at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Wednesday, November 22, 1950, at 7 p.m.

U.S.S.R.: Dr. Nora Johns: Impressions of a recent visit to the Soviet Union. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Mon., Nov. 20, at 7 p.m. Arranged by the Ethical Union.

WOOL Education Society. A lecture will be given at 7 p.m., on Thurs., Dec. 7, in the Lecture Hall of the Royal Society of Arts, John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, by Mrs. Alison Settle, "The Observer" Fashion Expert and former Editor of "Vogue," whose subject will be "Wool as a Fashion Fabric." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

DYNAMIC Peace Making—Three meetings arranged by the Ethical Union, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Mondays at 7 p.m. (1) Nov. 27, H. L. Beales: Orderly Access to the Means of National Living; (2) Dec. 4, M. L. Burnet: Doctrines, Values and Goals; (3) Dec. 11, Geoffrey Goodwin: Keeping the Peace.

HAMPSTEAD Left (Book) Club. J. Stonehouse, lecturer, London Co-ops. Candidate Twickenham, on "Co-ops in the New Society." Thursday, 8 p.m., Nov. 23. 289 Finchley Rd., N.W.3. Admission 1s.

MR. R. H. Ward will speak on "Blake's Picture of 'God Creating Adam'," Nov. 24, at 17 Gt. Cumberland Pl., Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc., Sun. Nov. 19 at 7.45. 783 Finchley Road, Golders Green (Regal Cinema Bus-stop 2, 28; 645, 660). 50th Anniversary: The H.E.S. during Fifty Years. Speakers include J. F. Horrabin, H. J. Blackham.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PERSONALIST Group. Comparative Psychological Study No. 2 Jung-Adler. Lecture-discussion between Mr. James Hemming (Jung) and Dr. Neil Beattie (Adler). Q.-M.: Robert George Miles. Conway Hall, Mon. Nov. 20, 7.30. Adm. free. Collection.

"A Novelist's Workshop." Talk by Winston Clewes, I.F.L., Oak Room, Kingsway Hall, W.C.2. Nov. 24, 7 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Nov. 25, at 6 p.m. Miss A. J. Martin: "British Tradition in Design."

FORUM—Wanstead House, 2 mins. Wanstead Stn. (Central Line). Leah Manning on "Jugoslavia To-day," 8 p.m., Nov. 23. Let us hear your views.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday evenings, at 7 p.m. Nov. 21, Maurice Burton, D.Sc.: "Darwinism Re-examined." Adm. free. Collection.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Nov. 22, 7.30 p.m., N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "The National Health Service — An Assessment." Dr. Leslie McCullum, G.P., and Dr. Richard Doll, S.M.A. Adm. 1s. 6d.

MOTIVES and Aims of a Humanist Ethic. (3) Guiding Principles in Sexual Behaviour: Virginia Flemming. At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Bayswater, Sunday, November 19, at 6.30.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 a.m. Nov. 19, Archibald Robertson, M.A.: "The Need of Historical Background." Adm. free.

"ONE Hundred Miles an Hour by Train." A lecture will be given by Cecil J. Allen, F.R.S.A., M.Inst.T., A.I.Loco.E., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Mon., Nov. 20, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

SHAW Soc. The Play of Ideas: W. A. Darlington, Denis Cannan, Hugh Miller. 57 Dean St., W.1, Nov. 24, 7 p.m. 2s. 6d. Partics.: 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

FOR those who are interested in a deeper understanding of Life and World Trends, W. J. Stein lectures every Saturday at 3 p.m. in Kingsway Hall.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public lecture Wed., Nov. 22, 6.30. "Questions and Answers on the Caxton Hall Meetings." Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. November 19: The Purpose of the Universe.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, 7.30. Thrs. Nov. 23, Dedication through Devotion; Nov. 30, Devotion and Self-surrender. All welc.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

FABIAN New Year School: Southdean, Middleton-on-Sea, near Bognor Regis, Sussex. "Socialist Stocktaking," December 30 to January 1, 1951. Director: James Callaghan, M.P. Other speakers: C. A. R. Crosland, M.P., James Johnson, M.P., Donald Chapman. Applications and enquiries to: Schools Secretary, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

TRADE with Poland Conference. Saturday, Nov. 25, 1950, 3-6 p.m., at Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Westminster, S.W.1. Speakers include Gordon Schaffer, F. Beesley, L. Mc. Gree, Mrs. D. Purcell. Chairman: J. Jacobs. Organisations are invited to send up to 2 delegates or observers at an inclusive charge of 2s. Apply for credentials to British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1 (Tel. LANgham 6593). Visitors tickets 1s. from B.P.F.S.

VACATION Course on Wool. International Wool Secretariat. Tuesday, January 2, to Mid-day Saturday, January 6 (inclusive), 1951, at the L.C.C. Technical College for the Distributive Trades, London, W.C.2. A non-residential day course arranged by the Department of Education of the International Wool Secretariat for men and women teachers of history, geography, economics, commerce, arts and crafts, science and domestic science in Primary and Secondary Schools, Technical Schools, Schools of Arts and Crafts, Teachers' Training Colleges, etc. Lectures, supported by films and filmstrips, will be given on: Wool Growths, Wool Marketing, Woollen and Worsted Cloth Manufacture, History and Geography of Wool, Cloth Construction and Judgment, Science of the Wool Fibre—including recent technical developments, Development of Fashions in Wool. There will also be simple laboratory work and demonstrations of hand-spinning, handloom weaving, etc. A certificate will be awarded to students who complete the course satisfactorily. Fee 10s. 6d. For further details and forms of application apply to: P. A. Wells, M.A., M.Sc., F.Inst.P., Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Die tragenden Ideen und religiösen Kräfte in der deutschen Dichtung des 12 Jahrhunderts" will be delivered by Professor Dr. J. Schwietering (Frankfurt) at 5.30 p.m. on Nov. 22, 27 and 29, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. (Entrance from Malet St. or Russell Sq.) Adm. free, without ticket.

SALZBURG Seminar in American Studies—Schloss Leopoldskron, Austria. Winter sessions from Jan. 5 to June, 1951. Scholarships offered for courses in: American Literature, International politics, United States History, contemporary social and economic theory and practice in America. Extensive knowledge of these subjects not essential but candidates must be able to show that the course at Salzburg bears some definite relation to their work. Special consideration given to those engaged in teaching, public life or creative work, and to research students. For application forms and further details write to: Education Secretary, International Student Service, 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

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